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THE ELEANOR SMITH MUSIC COURSE

BOOK ONE

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

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BY

ELEANOR SMITH

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AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY
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BY
ELEANOR SMITH

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BOOK ONE
W P. 19

PREFACE

In placing before the public the First Book of the Series the author has endeavored to present music which shall assist in the best technical and artistic training possible to young children. The material consists of songs with some pretensions to artistic form, which are designed for rote singing, besides a large number of the simplest melodies, which will help to improve the intonation and perfect the rhythmic sense of the children, besides serving as material for reading and writing music. Some of these have been composed for the book — more have been gleaned from every source open to the assiduous seeker. The children's song-literature of many nations has been drawn upon, and folk-tunes as well as less easy songs by eminent composers have been included. The latter are, however, all children's songs, and very few alterations or adaptations are to be found in melodies or texts. Care has been taken, where translation was necessary, to keep the spirit of the original, and the contributed poetry, as well as selected matter, will be found to be fresh and child-like.

It has been remembered that as singing is one of the most spontaneous forms of expression in childhood, music which shall appeal to young singers must itself be direct, simple, and attract-

ive. The educative value of any song-book depends upon its adaptation to the singers' needs. This is true alike of the artistic, poetic and technical content of the song, and it is hoped that the present collection will be found to follow the line of the young child's interests as well as to help in making him musically independent.

PART I

THE LITTLE FIDDLER

Words from the German — FRANZ LACHNER

mf Allegro vivace

1. I would like a fid - dle, yes, I'd love it!
2. I would like a fid - dle, yes, I'd love it!

Just a lit - tle bow and fid - dle brown,
When I played my jol - ly, jol - ly tunes,

Ev'r - y day I'd play a tune —
Neigh - bor, chil - dren, old dog Dash —

Three or four, a doz - en soon, And
They'd come run - ning quick as flash, And

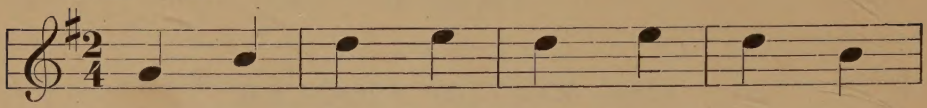
laugh - ing, and sing - ing we'd skip to and fro,

Fid - dle did - dle dum, dum, Fid - dle did - dle do,

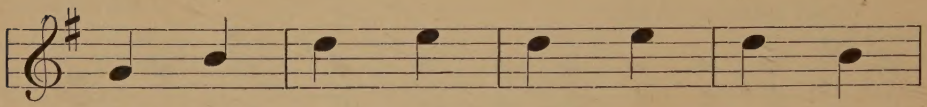
Fid - dle did - dle dum dum dum dum do.

PETER, PETER, PUMPKIN-EATER

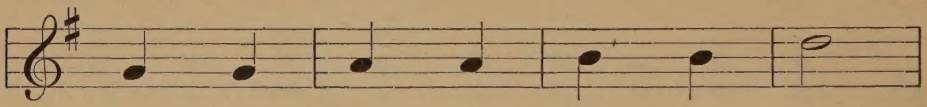
Mother Goose



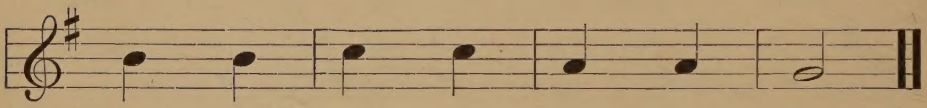
Pe - ter, Pe - ter, Pump - kin eat - er,



Had a wife and could - n't keep her;

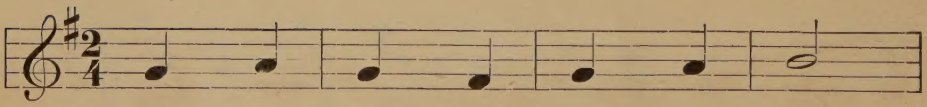


Put her in a pump - kin shell,

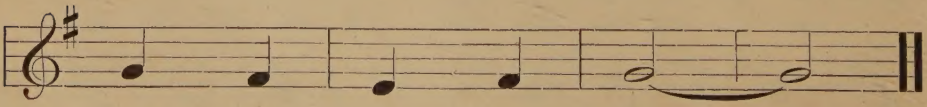


There he kept her ver - y well.

IN A BOAT



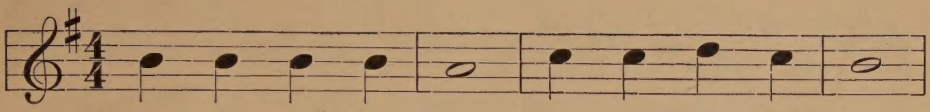
1. White and gold my lit - tle boat,
2. Makes a pret - ty shad - ow boat,



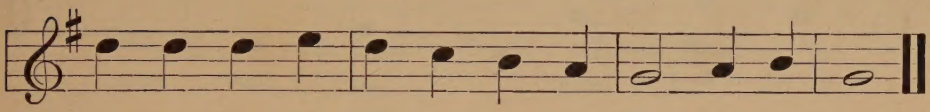
Rock - ing to and fro. . . . .
White and gold be - low. . . . .

WHAT CAN NESTLINGS DO?

CHRISTINI ROSSETTI

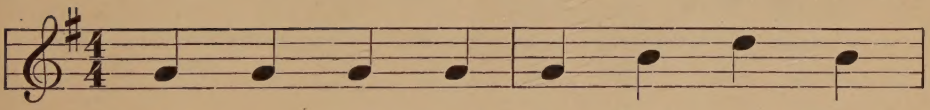


What can nest - lings do In the night - ly dew?

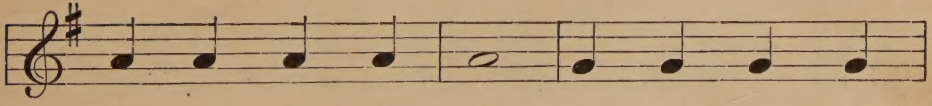


Sleep be - neath their moth - er's wing Till day dawns a - new.

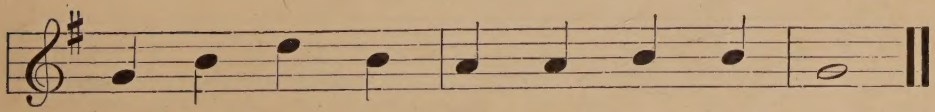
CORN SOLDIERS



Like a thou - sand, thou - sand sol - diers,



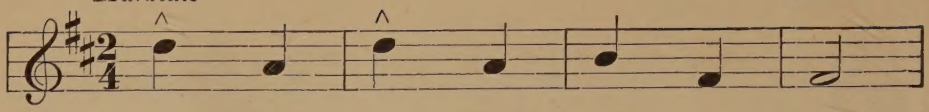
Green - clad sol - diers all, In the field the



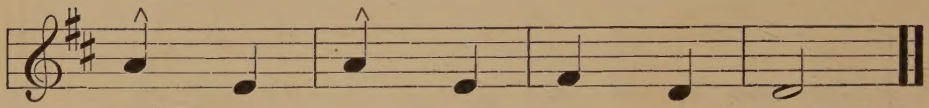
corn is stand - ing, Straight, and strong, and tall.

MARCHING

Marziale



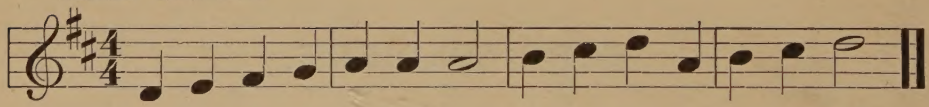
Left, right! Left, right! Tramp a - long,



March! and sing a sol - diers' song.

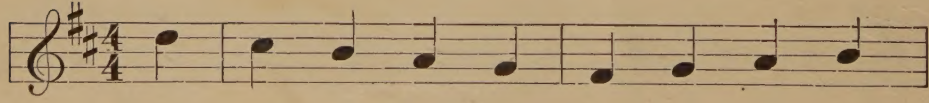
THE DARING MICE

HELEN GOODRICH

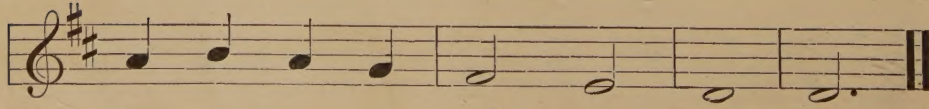


Lit - tle mice creep out to roam, Puss - y's com -ing, scam-per home.

EAST WIND AND WEST WIND

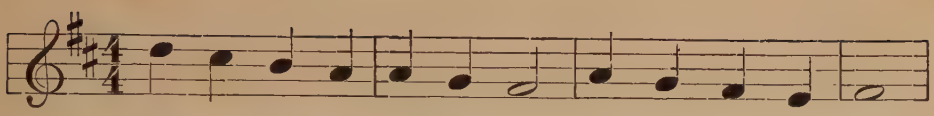


The East Wind al - ways brings us rain: the

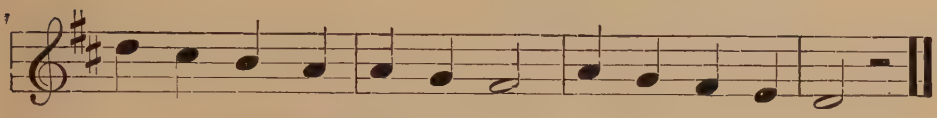


West Wind blows it back a - gain. . .

ON SATURDAY

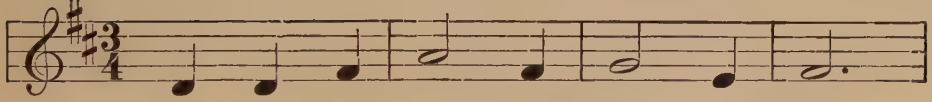


When we woke, the hill-sides white Called us "Come and play."



So we ran and coast-ed there All the bless-ed day.

APPLES



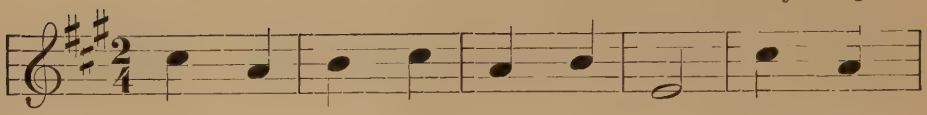
1. Out in the or - chard, On the ground,
2. These are for bak - ing, These for pie,
3. These are for jel - ly, Sweet and good;

Bas - kets of ap - ples We chil - dren have found.
These we are sav - ing To eat by and by.
Thank you, kind ap - ple - trees, Thank you, for food.

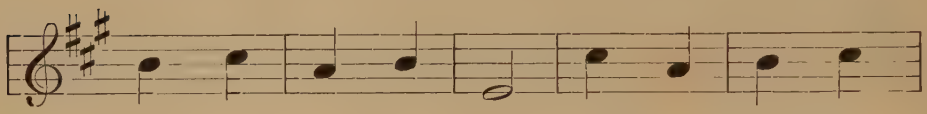
A STUDY

BELLS ARE CHIMING

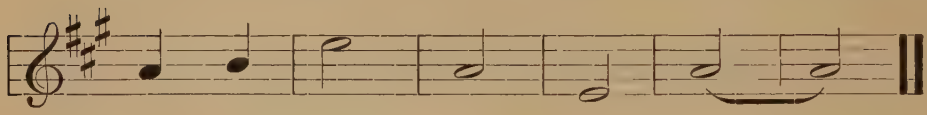
French Nursery Song



1. Bells are chim - ing in each tow'r, "Time flies
2. "Gold - en mo - ments quick - ly fly, Fly, nor

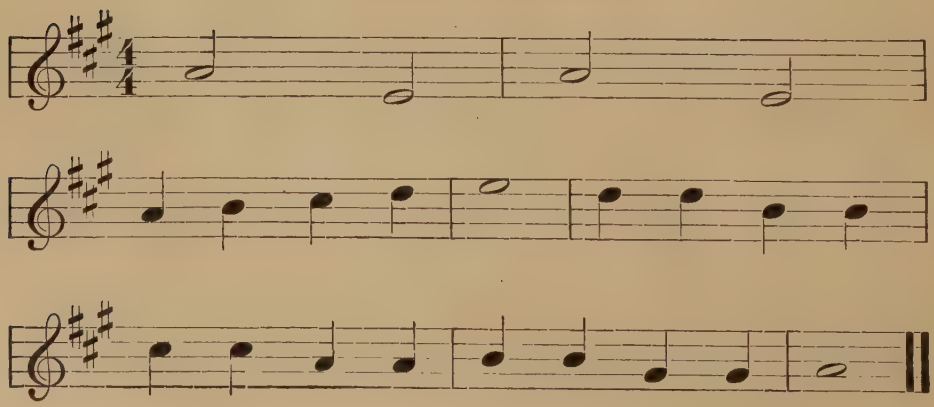


fast" their voi - ces tell: Watch they keep thro'
come a - gain" they sing, "Fill the mo - ments



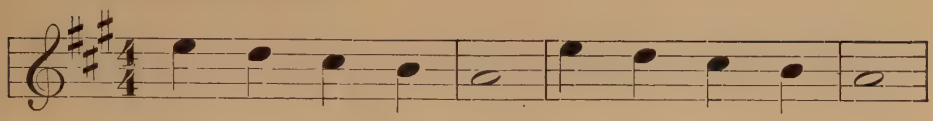
sun and show'r, Ding dong bell! . . .
ere they die, Ding dong, ding!" . . .

CHURCH BELLS



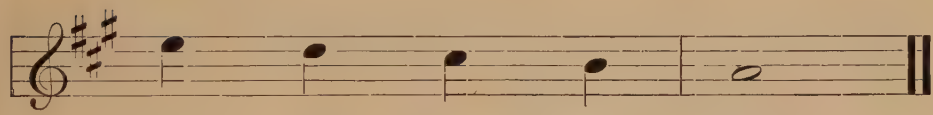
IN SEPTEMBER

LOUISE WRIGHTINGTON



1. Now the earth doth bear Flow - ers bright and fair;
2. This - tles spread their snow; Seed - lets sail - ing go;

As - ters blue and white and yel - low
Will they find a qui - et shel - ter?



Grow - - ing ev'r - - y - where.
Who will ev - - er know?

A RIDDLE

HELEN GOODRICH

I come from cloud - land in the night,

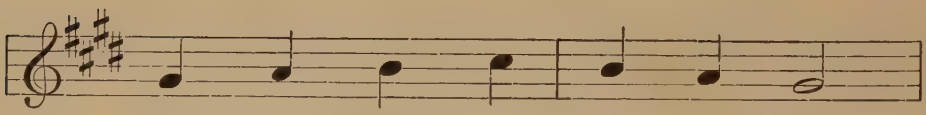
And make the grass - es sil - ver bright.

AUTUMN

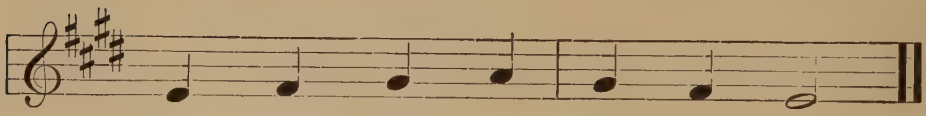
MARIE VANCE

Moderato

1. Rob - in, thrush and red - start gay,
2. Change your red and gold to gray,



Au - tumn's here in man - tle gray;
Fly - ing south - ward, take your way—

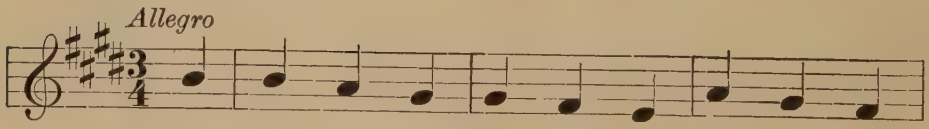


Now 'tis time to fly a - way.
Seek a coun - try bright and gay.

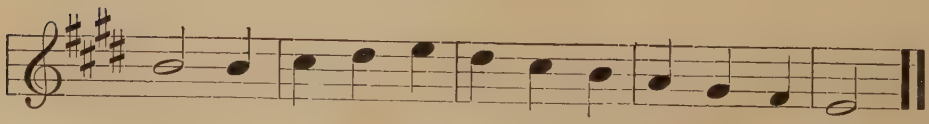
HAPPY THOUGHT

R. L. STEVENSON

Allegro



The world is so full of a num - ber of

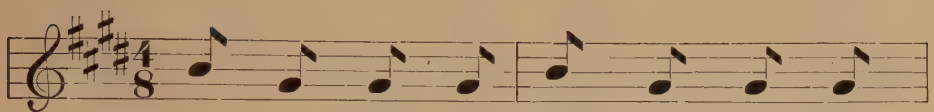


things, I'm sure we should all be as hap - py as kings.

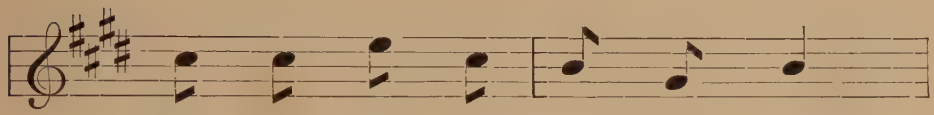
WHEN BABY HURTS HER HAND

German

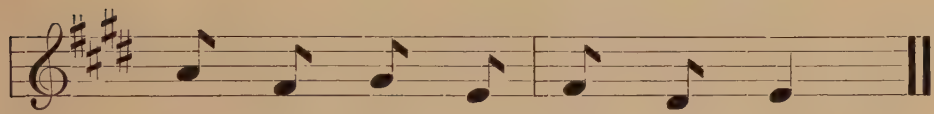
German



Pat it, kiss it, Stroke it, bless it:



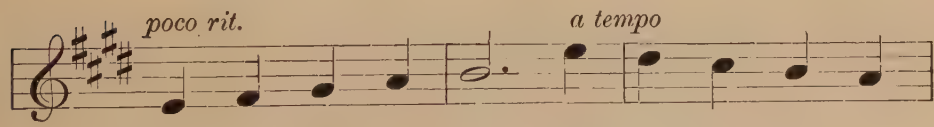
Three days sun - shine, Three days rain,



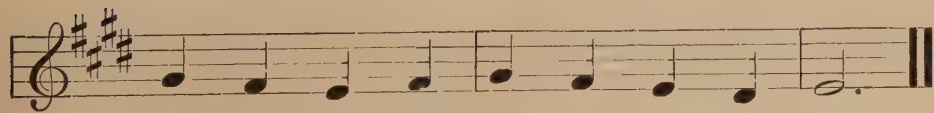
Lit - tle hand All well a - gain.

A-CLIMBING

A climb - ing, climb - ing, down we come, Then



up we climb so slow; Eight steps our lit - tle



lad - der has, So we may climb - ing go.

SPRING COMES HITHER

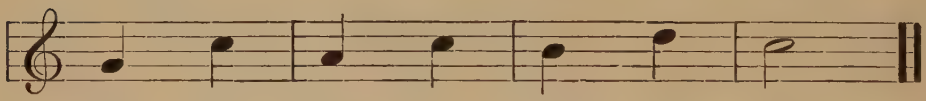
George Eliot

Spring comes hith - er, Buds the rose;
Sum - mer soars — Wide - wing - ed day

Ros - es with - er, Sweet spring goes.
White light pours, Then flies a - way.

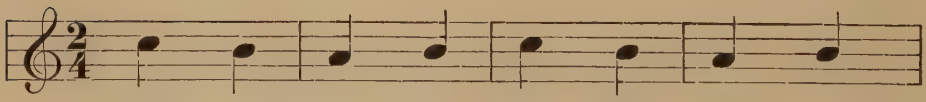
DANCING OUT OF DOORS

1. Come with me, Mer - ry be,
2. Puss - y wee Comes to see,

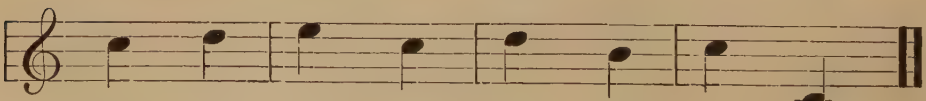


Dance and prance, Be - neath the tree.
Rov - er frol - ics Aft - er me.

BRAVE DAFFY-DILLY



1. Daf - fy - dil - ly fresh and frill - y
2. Brave and chill - y Daf - fy - dil - ly



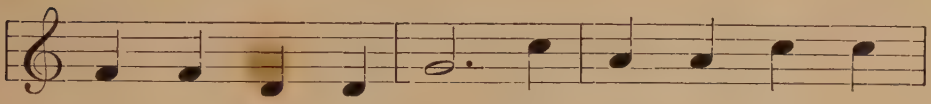
Rose up ear - ly in the morn - ing.
Heed - ed not the March - winds' warn - ing.

OUR PUPPIES

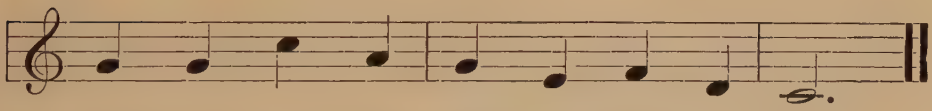
C. L.

CAROLINE LARRABEE

1. O come and see our pup - pies here, We've
2. They've got such weak and fun - ny legs, They
3. So there they lie and sleep, and sleep, And

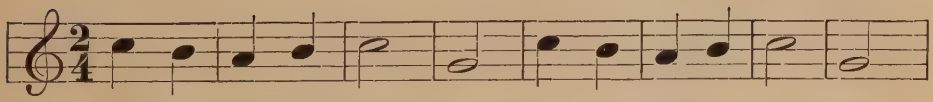


four all brown and white, They're ver - y small and
can't stand up at all, You must - n't lift or
with their moth - er stay. I wish they'd hur - ry



wrig - gly too; Their eyes are shut up tight.
car - ry them, For fear you'll let them fall.
up and grow, And play with me all day.

IN THE BELFRY



In the bel - fry swing - ing, Sil - ver bells are ring - ing,

Far and near, Sweet and clear, Ring, bells, ring!

THE SNOW-BALL

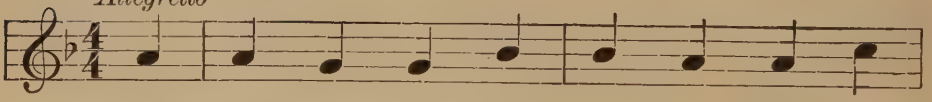
1. Come, let us roll up a beau - ti - ful snow - ball, A
2. Then a snow - gi - ant we'll fash - ion to - geth - er, Of

snow - ball as round and as big as we can.
snow - balls and snow - balls, a might - y snow - man.

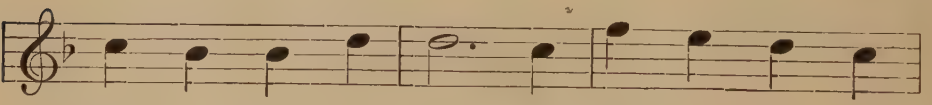
DAFFODIL

KATE FORMAN

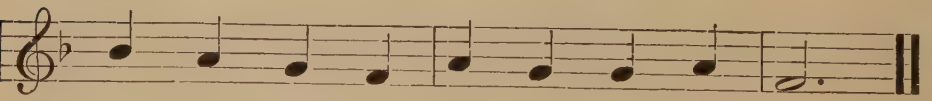
Allegretto



1. You're not a flow - er a - ny more, Al -
2. I'll dig a - way down in the grass, And
3. But when the frogs be - gin to croak, And
4. And first you'll on - ly be a sprout, And



though I like you still; You're noth - ing but a
plant you there, so deep; You will not mind the
all the spring - birds trill, The sun will call you
then, with flounce and frill, You'll dance a - bove the



fun - ny bulb, My lit - tle daf - fo - dil.
win - ter frost, You'll be so fast a - sleep.
through the grass, My dar - ling daf - fo - dil.
shin - ing grass, My love - ly daf - fo - dil.

SLEEP, DOLLY BRIGHT

MARIE VANCE

Bavarian Cradle Song

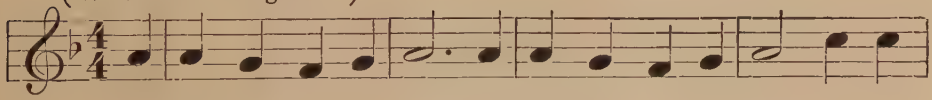
1. Sleep, dol - ly bright, Sleep all the night;
2. Hush - a - by, dear, Gold - en stars peer,
3. Sleep, lit - tle one, When comes the sun,

Warm are your lit - tle feet, Lul - la - by,
Lit - tle moon goes to rest, Down in the
When the dark's flown a - way, Then we shall

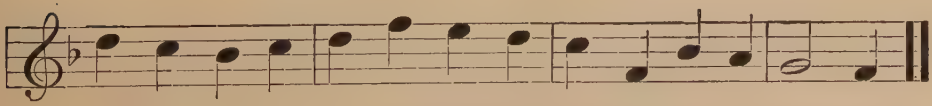
rest, my sweet, In cra - dle white.
pur - ple west, Dark - ness is near.
wake and play, Frol - ic and run.

IN SPRING

JULIA COOLEY
(Written at the age of 8)



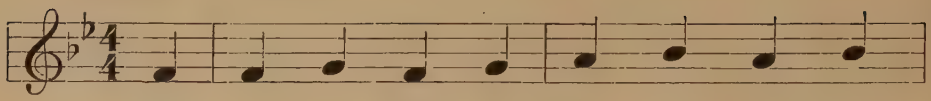
The grass is get-ting green, The dai - sies up are spring - ing; The



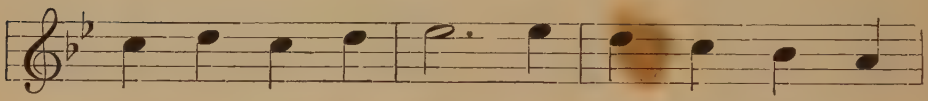
hills are wov - en pur - ple, While the birds com-mence their sing-ing.

THE JUNCO

MARGARET VAN DYKE



1. When all the world with snow is white, The
2. There's not a sin - gle seed in sight, They're
3. A plen - teous meal for him I'd strew, At



chill - y Jun - co comes, To greet you with a
cov - ered deep with snow; When all the world is
morn - ing and at night. He'll leave a mes - sage

bow po - lite And ask you for your crumbs
cold and white, What shall this poor bird do?
then for you — In snow he'll print it light.

WHO SHALL HURT THE WREN

WILLIAM BLAKE

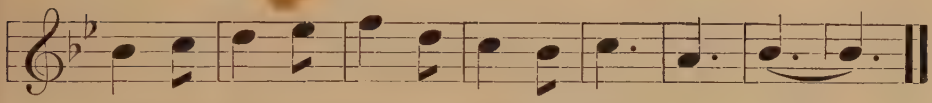
He who shall hurt the lit - tle wren Shall

nev - er be lov - ed a - gain by men.

HOOP AND STICK

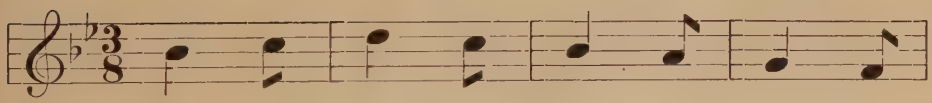
KATE FORMAN — French Folksong

1. Now, my hoop, we're read - y— I must start you quick —
2. Just a lit - tle fas - ter—Come, you must not fall;
3. O, my hoop, how sil - ly! Roll - ing on the ground
4. Now we're up and go - ing Like a streak of light—
5. If you tru - ly were my Po - ny slow or quick,



Keep you roll - ing stead - y —Now you'll feel the stick!
I must be your mas - ter,—Know it, once for all!
Just be - cause its hill - y—How you flop a - round!
You are like a po - ny, You're so swift and bright.
You should nev - er gal - lop—Driv - en by a stick!

SNOW-FLAKES

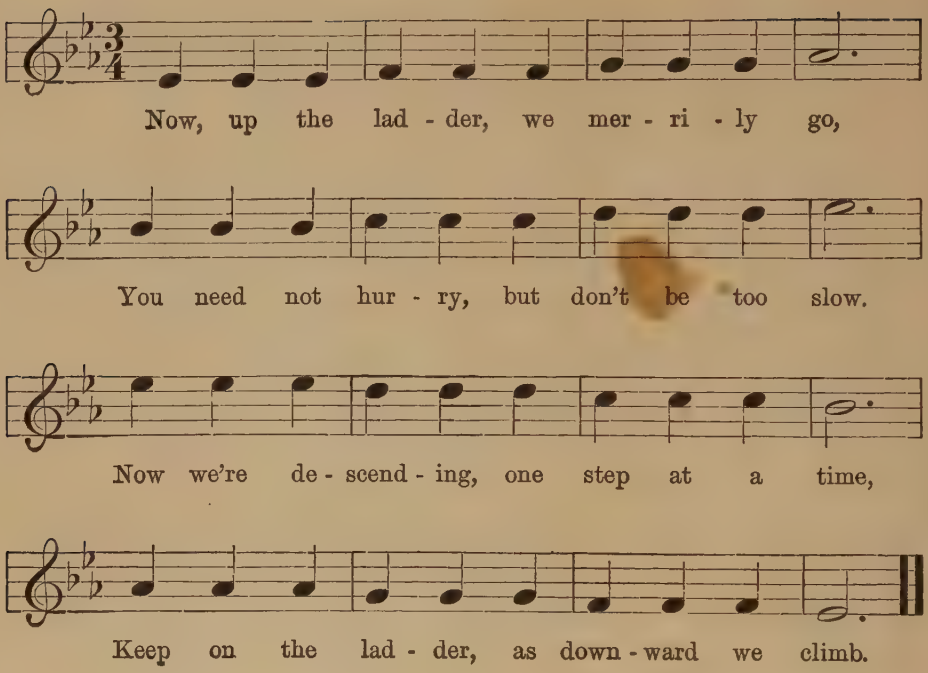


1. Snow - flakes come from lead - en skies, On
2. Then at rest each star - let lies, While

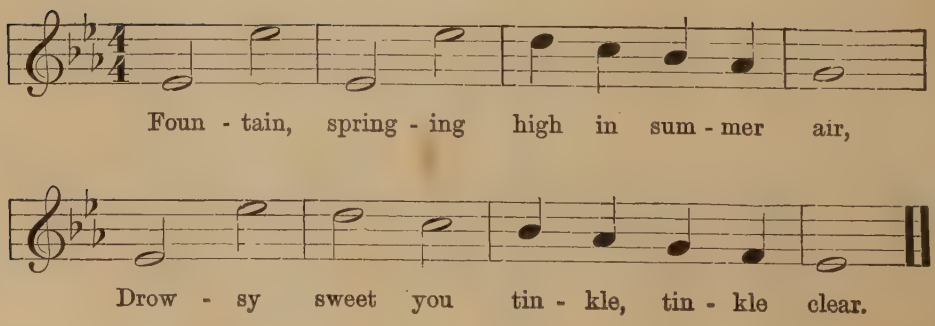
storm - y winds a - fly - - ing.
wea - ry winds are sigh - - ing.

UP THE LADDER

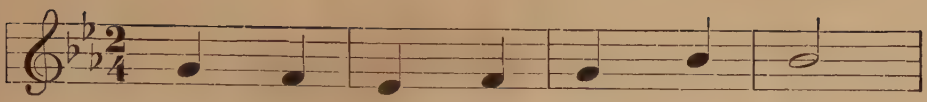
HELEN GOODRICH



THE FOUNTAIN

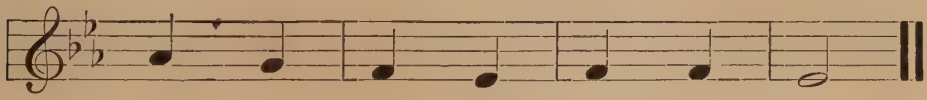


RAINY DAY



1. Drip - py, drop - py, rain - y day,
2. Night and morn - ing, ear - ly, late,
3. Clouds, your work is sure - ly done,

Clouds all thick and mist - y - gray,
Rolled your clouds from heav - en's gate;
Blow a - way and leave the sun,



Will you al - ways, al - ways stay?
Rain, you would not pause nor wait.
Out - door games, and play and fun.

A RIDDLE

Quietly

The house I build is round and white, I

sleep and sleep, both day and night.

AT THE FAIR

Words from the French — French Folk-Song

Allegro

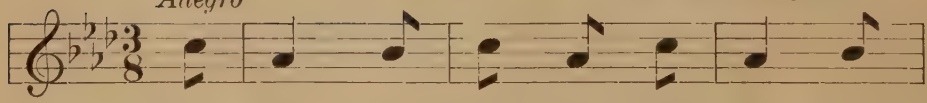
1. Who will buy my chick - ens,
2. Now I've sold my chick - ens,

Fat and fluff - y chick - ens? Just a sou, bright and new,
All my pret - ty chick - ens, Sev - en sous I may use

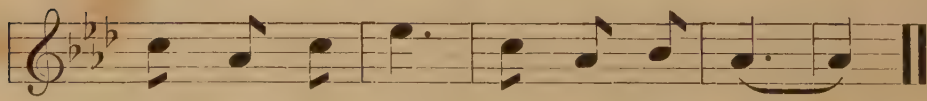
Ne'er the bar - gain you will rue. . . .
For my ba - by's bright new shoes . . .

THE BUGLE

Allegro — French Nursery Song



1. The bu - gle's blow - ing, The boys are
2. When falls the gloam - ing, Then back they're



go - ing To march in - to the fight. . .
com - ing For home's pleas - ant at night. . .

SWEET DAYS OF GLADNESS

After Goethe — C. M. Arndt

Allegretto

1. Sweet days of glad - ness, Come ye a - gain,
2. There, where the blos - soms Hide 'neath the green,
3. Bright wings a - flash - ing, Songs of de - light
4. Sweet day of glad - ness, Stay with us, stay;

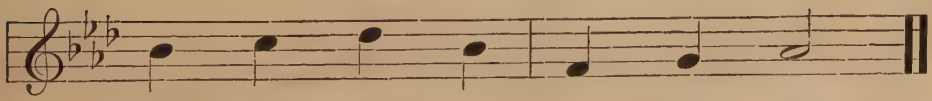
Bring - ing new ver - dure To hill - side and plain?
Buz - zing brown bum - ble - bee Bus - y has been.
Tell of the bird - lings That came in the night.
Ban - ish the win - ter And bring us the May.

LITTLE HYMN

Andante

1. Guard Thy chil - dren, Lord, we pray,
2. When the stars in heav'n are bright,

Through the long hours of the day,
Through the watch - es of the night,



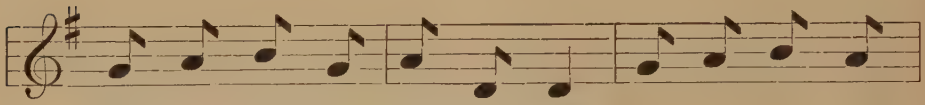
When they work and when they play.
Keep them safe 'till morn - ing light.

SUMMER WINDS

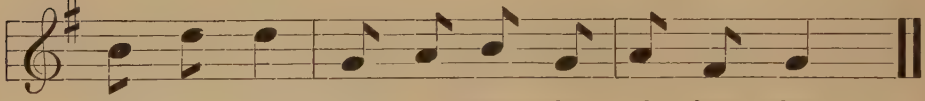
Bohemian

Allegretto

Sum - mer winds that light - ly pass



Stir the grain and dai - sied grass. When you dance with



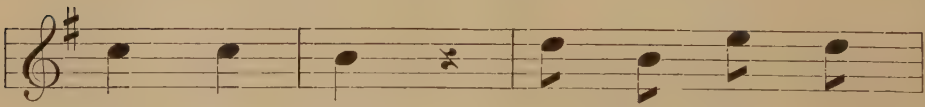
hap - py feet, Fair - er grows the yel - low wheat.

SUNSHINE

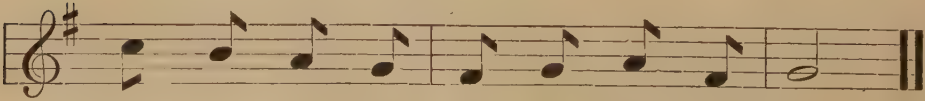
JOH. PHILIPP KIRNBERGER

Allegretto

1. Sun - shine in the morn - ing,
2. Sun - shine in the morn - ing,
3. Sun - shine in the morn - ing,

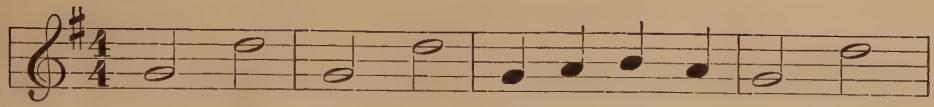


Gold - en bright, Sun - shine fair, you
When you stay, Gray - winged care gives
Come each day, Cloud and mist and

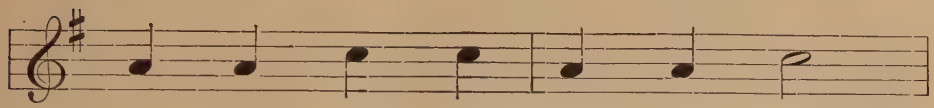


bring the dawn - ing, Aft - er black - est night.
lit - tle warn - ing, Quick he flies a - way.
shad - ow scorn - ing, Rise! dear sun, and stay!

BEAN-BAG SONG

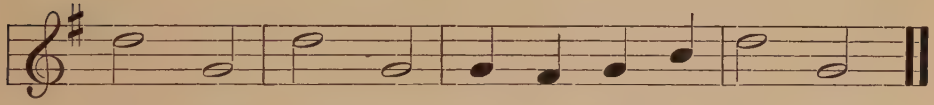


Bean - bag, bean - bag, Play a game of bean - bag;



Throw it first to Lit - tle Bee,

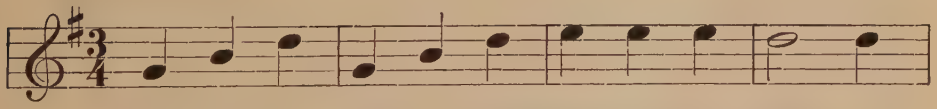
Then to Dai - sy, then to me.



Bean - bag, bean - bag, Play a game of bean - bag.

PUSSY CAT, PUSSY CAT, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

Mother Goose

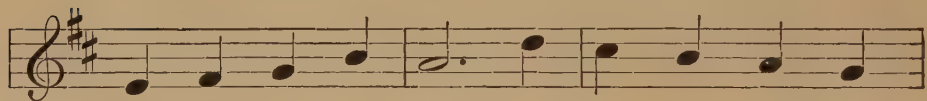


1. Puss - y - cat, Puss - y - cat, Where have you been? Oh!
2. Puss - y - cat, Puss - y - cat, What did you there? I

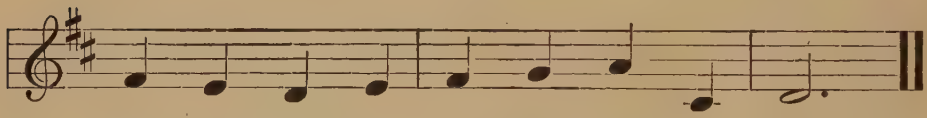
I've been to Lon - don to vis - it the queen.
fright - ened a lit - tle mouse un - der her chair.

LILIES OF THE VALLEY

1. The li - lies ring their ti - ny bells From
2. Then come and dance, ye flow - ers all, The



gar - den beds in June, And high and clear their
world is sweet and gay; While thrush - es sing and



mu - sic swells A love - ly fair - y tune.
black - birds call, En - joy your hol - i - day.

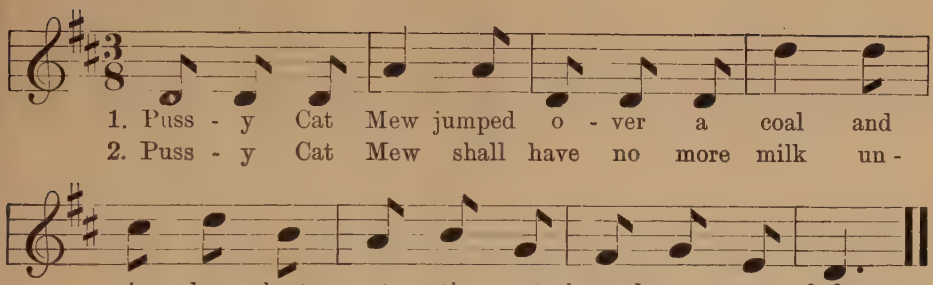
FROSTY ELVES

1. Frost - y elves crept by at night,
2. Dyed the birch - es gold - en brown,

Paint - ed tree - tops crim - son bright.
Sent the beech - leaves whirl - ing down.

PUSSY CAT MEW

Nursery Rhyme



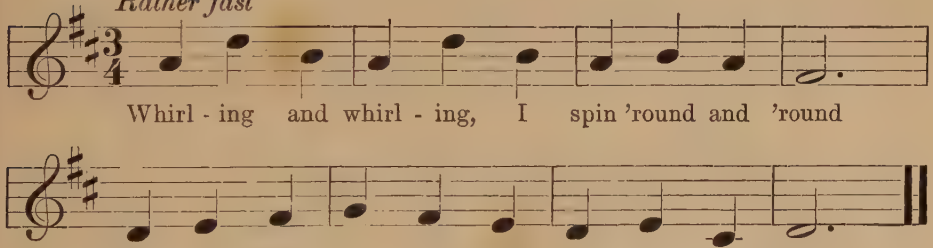
1. Puss - y Cat Mew jumped o - ver a coal and
2. Puss - y Cat Mew shall have no more milk un -

in her best pet - ti - coat burned a great hole.
til her best pet - ti - coat's mend - ed with silk.

RIDDLE

H. G.

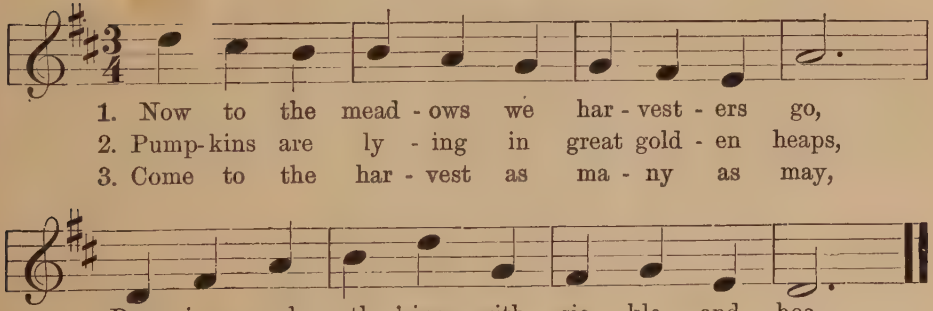
Rather fast



Whirl - ing and whirl - ing, I spin 'round and 'round

Till I fall o - ver, and lie on the ground.

HARVESTING



1. Now to the mead - ows we har - vest - ers go,
2. Pump-kins are ly - ing in great gold - en heaps,
3. Come to the har - vest as ma - ny as may,

Reap - ing and gath - 'ring with sic - kle and hoe.
Out of the ar - bor the pur - ple grape peeps.
Earth has made read - y for Thanks - giv - ing Day.

THE SHEPHERD

NORMAN GALE

Allegretto

1. Here on the down where the sea - wind is bleak,
2. Sheep to the west-ward and sheep to the east,

Blow - ing our voi - ces a - way when we speak,
Spin - dle - legged, shiv - er - ing, re - cent - ly fleeced!

Stands the gray shep - herd with col - lie and crook,
Shep - herd of ewes look - ing shame - ful and sad,

Read - ing the sky as a page from a book.
Have you as ma - ny as A - bra - ham had?

THE SEA GULL

Allegro

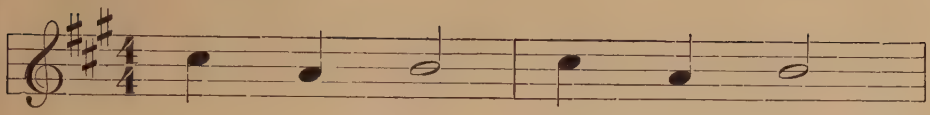
Old English

Sea - gull, sea - gull, sit on the sand; It's

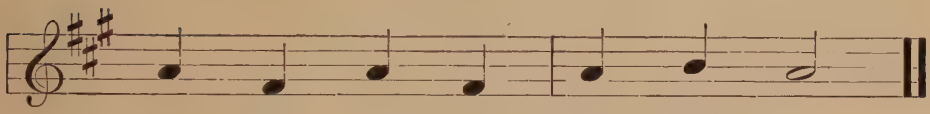
nev - er good weath - er when you're on the land.

THE WINDS

HELEN GOODRICH



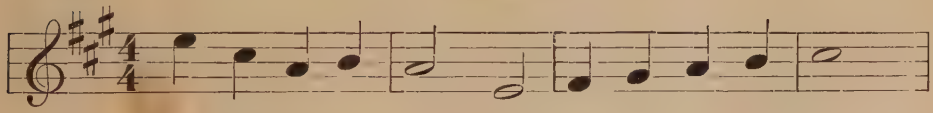
1. North wind, blow, Bring us snow;
2. South wind, sing, Flow - ers bring;
3. West wind, croon, Har - vest moon
4. East wind, shriek, Win - dows creak,



Bird - lings to the South - land go.
Then we'll know that it is spring.
Brings Thanks - giv - ing ver - y soon.
All the day is cold and bleak.

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES

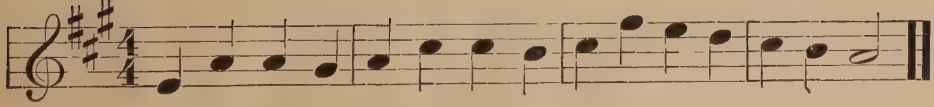
MARY HOWITT



But - ter-cups and dai - sies, Oh! the pret - ty flow'rs!

Com - ing in the spring - time To tell of sun - ny hours.

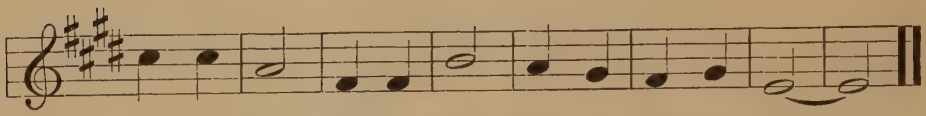
A STUDY



THE SLED

C. L. CAROLINE LARRABEE.

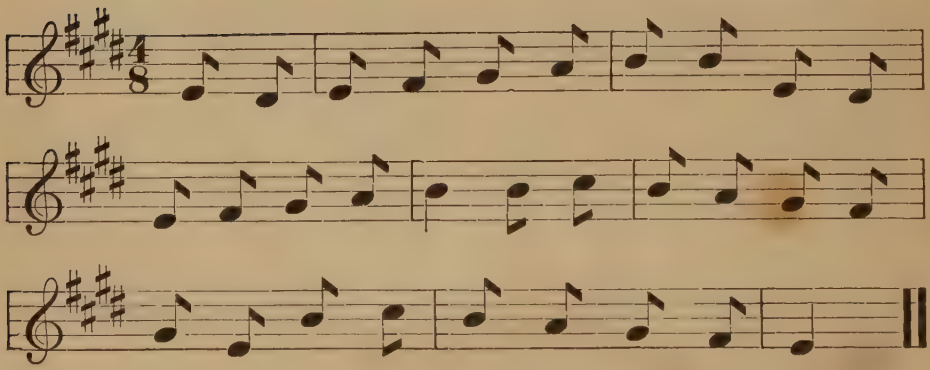
1. Christ-mas tree, Gave to me, Tools so sharp and bright;
2. Saw, now come, With a hum Cut my wood in two;. . .
3. Ham- mer, swing, Ham- mer, ring, Hit the nail so true;. . .
4. When it's done, Oh! what fun! Ba - by then can go . . .



Wood, I'll take, So's to make, Sled so swift and light.
To and fro, See it go, Quick - ly work - ing through.
Ham mer, go, Give a blow, Drive my nail in, do.
On my sled, Paint-ed red, Rid - ing o'er the snow.

A SONG

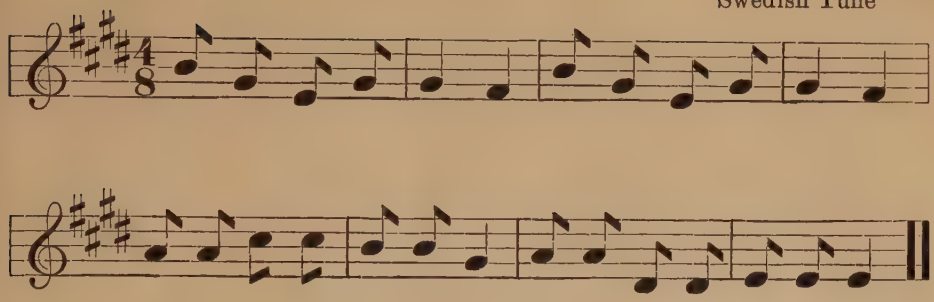
French Folksong



A STUDY

A SONG

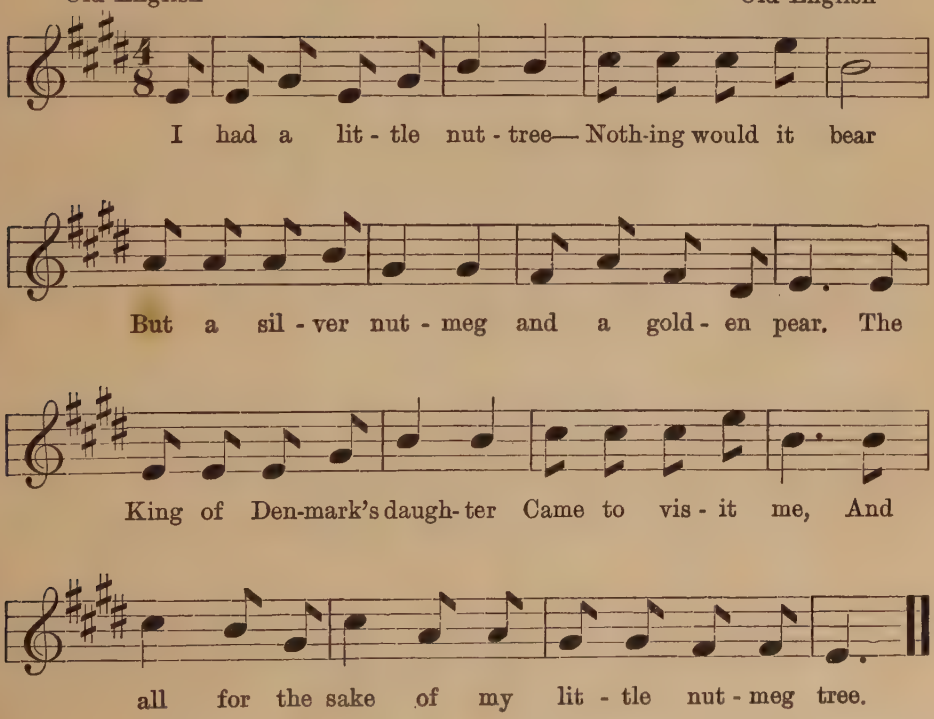
Swedish Tune



MY LITTLE NUT-TREE

Old English

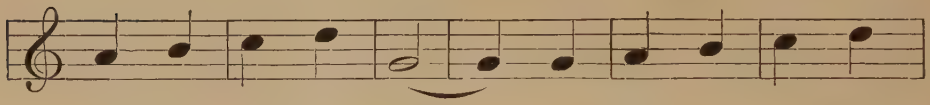
Old English



THE FAIRIES

ROBERT BIRD

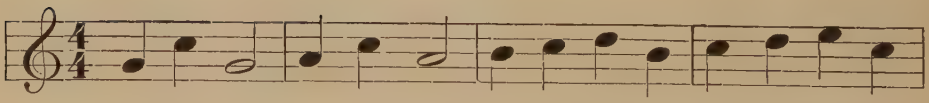
1. Come, cud - dle down in Dad - die's coat, Be -
2. Their caps of green, their coats of red Are
3. And rid - ing on the crim - son moths, With



side the fire so bright, . And hear a - bout the
hung with sil - ver bells, . . And when they're shak - en
black spots on their wings, . They guide them down the

fair - y - folk That wan - der in the night. . .
in the wind Their mer - ry mu - sic swells. . .
gold - en sky With gold - en bri - dle rings. . .

SOLDIER LAD



Sol - dier lad, Brave and glad, Eyes a - beam-ing, Col - ors gleam-ing,

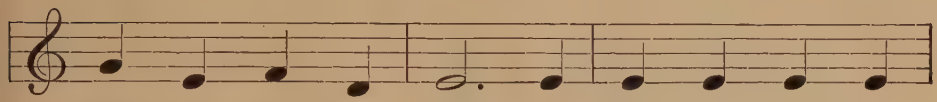
March - ing so, See him go To fight his coun - try's foe.

WINTER AND SUMMER FOR PUSS

R. K. M.

Allegro moderato

1. The cat's a hap - py an - i - mal When
2. But I am sure when sum - mer comes And

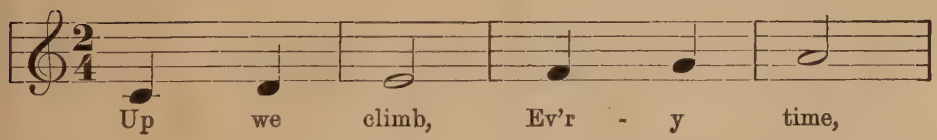


blows the win - ter bluff, Be - cause she purrs and
roasts us with its glare, She'd like to be the

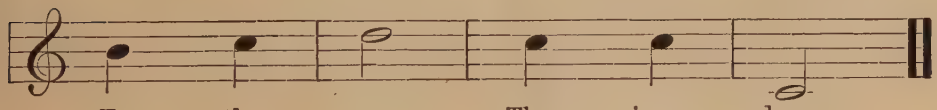
dreams all day, With - in her down - y muff.
Chi - nese dog That has - n't a - ny hair.

By kind permission of THE CENTURY CO.

CLIMBING UP THE HAY-STACK



Up we climb, Ev'r - y time,



To the crown, Then jump down.

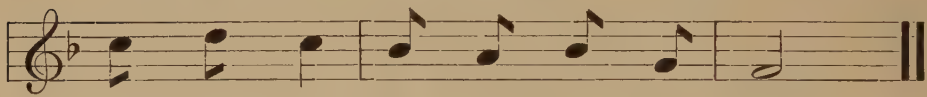
A STUDY

MAY

R. M. Alden — English Folksong

1. Why are bees and but - ter - flies,
2. Vi - o - lets and but - ter - cups,
3. Why do all the mead - ow - brooks,
4. As some one were chas - ing them,

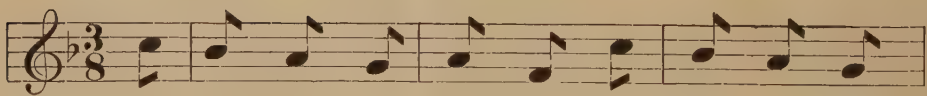
but - ter - flies, but - ter - flies, Why are bees and
but - ter - cups, but - ter - cups, Vi - o - lets and
mead - ow - brooks, mead - ow - brooks, Why do all the
chas - ing them, chas - ing them, As some one were



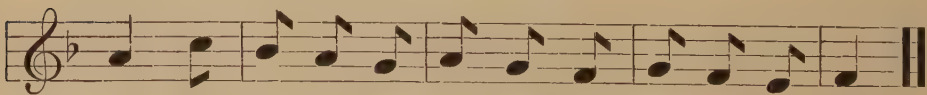
but - ter - flies Dan - cing in the sun?
but - ter - cups Bloom - ing ev'r - y one?
mead - ow - brooks Try to run a - way,
chas - ing them? Bless me! This is May!

BREAD AND MILK

Mrs. Follen



1. Come, sup - per is read - y, Come boys and girls
2. And here is our Puss - y; She means by *me* -
3. And when you meet Mool - ley, Just say with a



now, For here is fresh milk from the good mool - ley - cow.
ow "Give me too some milk from the good mool - ley - cow."
bow, "Now thanks for your milk, Mis - tress Good Mool - ley - Cow."

HOW DOES MY LADY'S GARDEN GROW

MOTHER GOOSE — Old English Tune

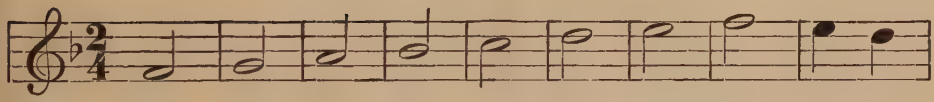
Allegretto

How does my la - dy's gar - den grow? How does my

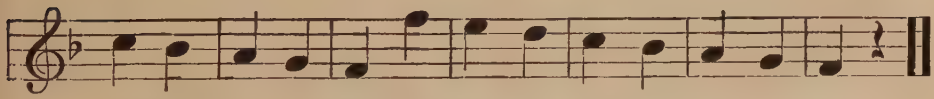
la - dy's gar - den grow? With sil - ver bells and

coc kle shells, And pret - ty maids all in a row.

COASTING

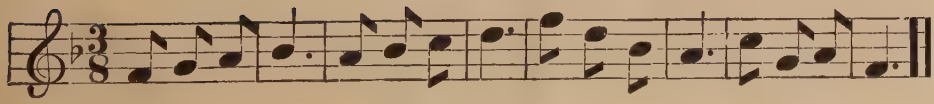


Slow - ly up the hill we climb, But down we'll



coast in half the time; Yes, down we'll coast in half the time.

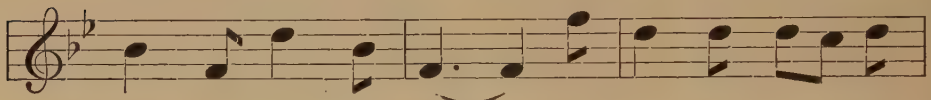
A STUDY



THREE CHILDREN SLIDING

Mother Goose — German Folksong

1. Three chil - dren slid - ing on the ice Up -
2. Now had these chil - dren been at home Or
3. You par - ents all, that chil - dren have, And



on a sum - mer day; . . It so fell out they
slid - ing on dry ground, . Ten thou - sand pounds to
you too, that have none, . . If you would have them

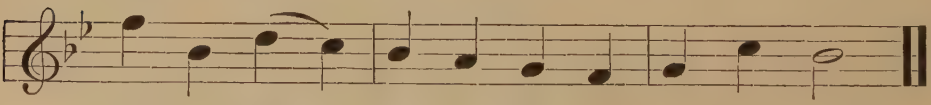
all fell in, The rest they ran a - way.
one pen - ny, They had not all been drowned.
safe a - broad, Pray keep them safe at home.

TIDY PUSS

Marie Vance

1. Kit - ty's ver - y neat and clean,
2. Dain - ti - ly she takes her milk,

Lifts her feet with dain - ty mien, Wash - es, brush - es
Smoothes her coat as fine as silk, Ma - ny an - oth - er



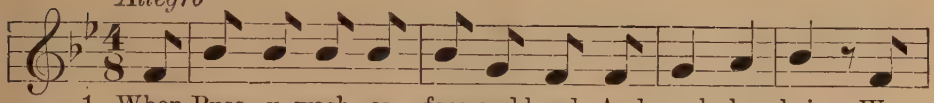
ev'r - y day, . . In a ver - y ti - dy way.
Puss I see, . . Well might learn of kit - ty wee.

WHEN PUSSY WASHES FACE AND HANDS

Translated from the German
by Margaret van Dyke

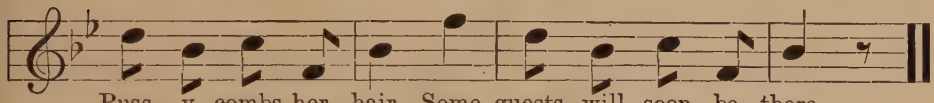
German Folksong

Allegro



1. When Puss - y wash - es face and hands, And combs her hair, We
2. So now I'll make a plum-my cake And cof - fee strong, And
3. I'll quick - ly run and change my gown, Oh dear! Oh dear! The

know as sure as fate, that guests Will soon be there. When
skim the cream, and sug - ar fetch; 'Twill not take long. When
com - pa - ny is at the door, The guests are here. You

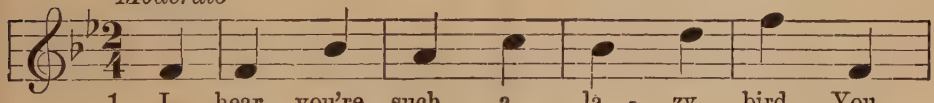


Puss - y combs her hair, Some guests will soon be there.
Puss - y wash - es clean, A guest will soon be seen.
naugh - ty Puss, to wait, And tell your news so late.

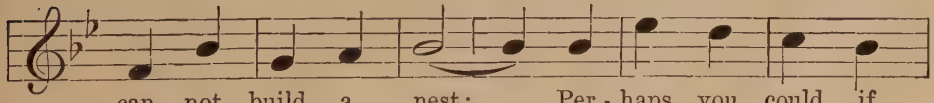
TO THE CUCKOO

Mrs. Hawkshaw

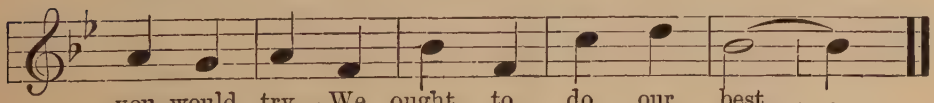
Moderato



1. I hear you're such a la - zy bird, You
2. The lit - tle bird that told me this, Sus -
3. Oh, cuck - oo! if this sto - ry's true, I



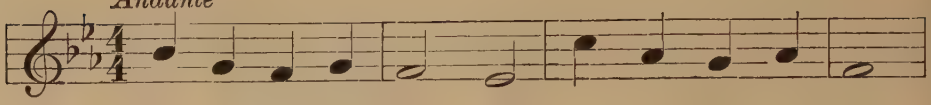
can - not build a nest; . . Per - haps you could if
pect - ed some - thing worse,—. That you neg - lect your
think you're much to blame, . . Then talk no more a -



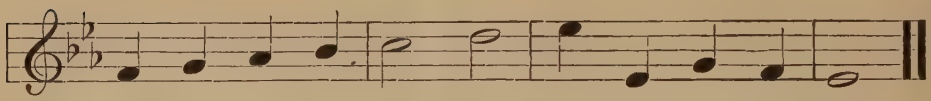
you would try— We ought to do our best. . .
lit - tle ones, And put them out to nurse. . .
bout your - self; Go hide your - self for shame! .

SEE THE SHINING DEW-DROPS

Andante



1. See the shin - ing dew - drops, On the flow - ers strewed,
2. See the morn - ing sun - beams, Light - ing up the wood,
3. Hear the moun-tain stream - let, In the sol - i - tude,
4. In the leaf - y tree - tops, When no fears in - trude,
5. Bring, my heart, thy trib - ute, Songs of grat - i - tude,

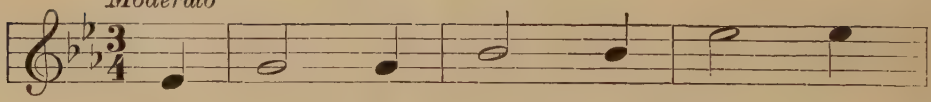


Prov - ing as they spar - kle "God is ev - er good."
Si - lent - ly pro - claim - ing, "God is ev - er good."
With its rip - ple say - ing, "God is ev - er good."
Mer - ry birds are sing - ing, "God is ev - er good."
While all na - ture ut - ters, "God is ev - er good."

RIDDLE

H. G.

Moderato

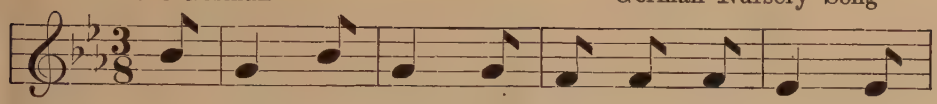


1. I wear a love - ly coat of
2. If you will build a house for

blue, And sing in sun and rain. . .
me, I'll sure - ly come a - gain. . .

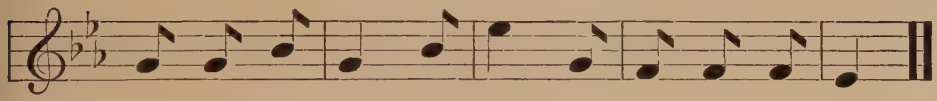
PUSSY AND HER DAME

From the German — German Nursery Song



1. O dame, good dame, Have pit - y, me - ow! O
2. O dame, good dame, With sav - age bow - wow, A
3. I thank you, dame, Now hear what I'll do; Your

good dame, have pit - y Up - on your poor
fierce dog comes scowl - ing, And snap - ping and
rats I will pes - ter, Your mice I will



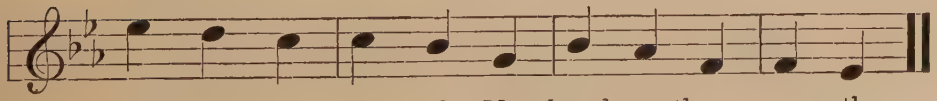
kit - ty, And ope your door to puss - y - cat, do.
growl - ing, So ope your door to puss - y - cat, meow!
mas - ter; I'll love you true, says puss - y - cat, meow.

THE INDUSTRIOUS MAIDEN

MARIE VANCE — German Folk Tune

Cheerfully

1. To spin I am learn-ing, My lit - tle wheel turn-ing, And
2. Now, rest I'm a - tak - ing, From scour-ing and bak - ing; At
3. The ta - ble's set neat - ly, The ket - tle sings sweet-ly, Hard

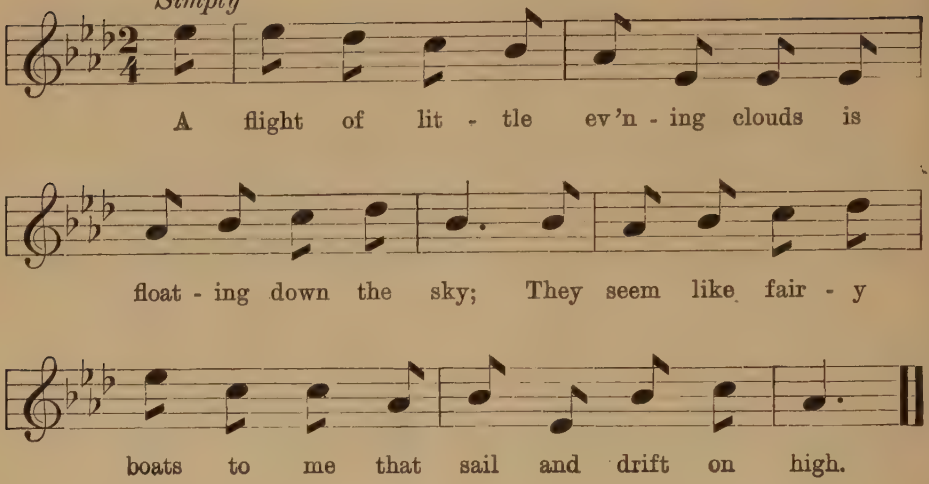


see as it go - eth, My thread smooth-er grow - eth.
ease I am sit - ting, But bus - y I'm knit - ting.
work brings us pleas - ure — A bur - den is lei - sure.

EVENING CLOUDS

HELEN GOODRICH

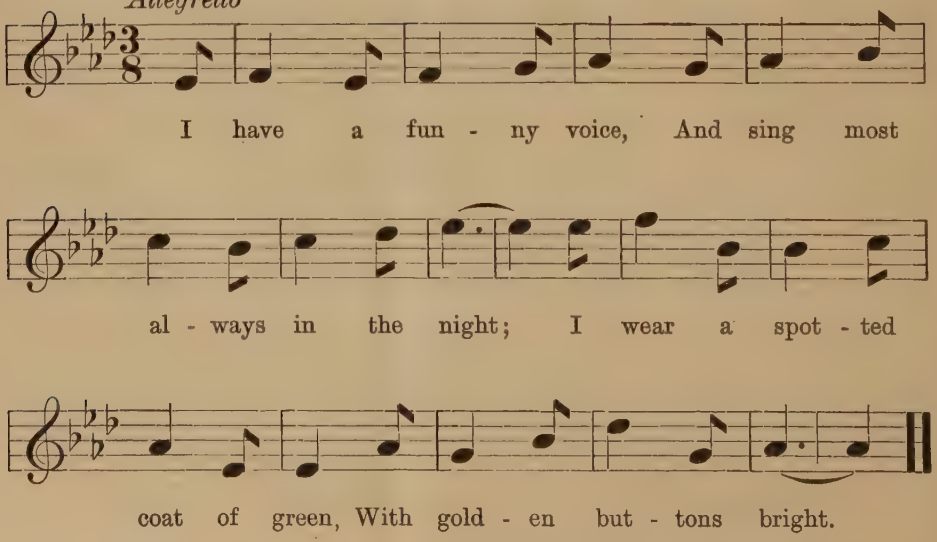
Simply



A RIDDLE

HELEN GOODRICH

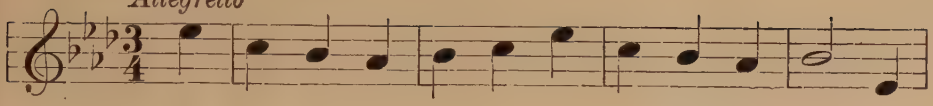
Allegretto



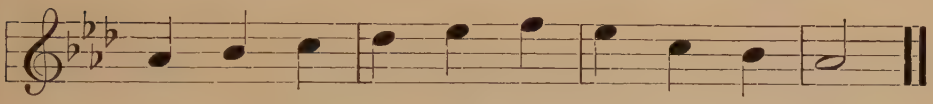
THE WIND

MARGARET VAN DYKE

Allegretto



1. The wind is a rov - er! His foot-steps are light, When
2. The wind is a rov - er! Each flow'r white and red, On

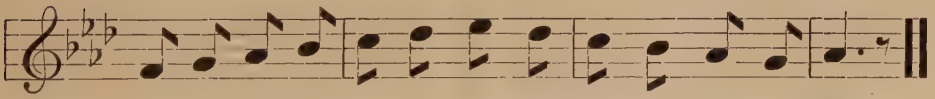


o - ver the clo - ver He wan - ders at night.
him who passed o - ver, Her fra - grance has shed.

ON THE TRAIN

JESSIE L. GAYNOR

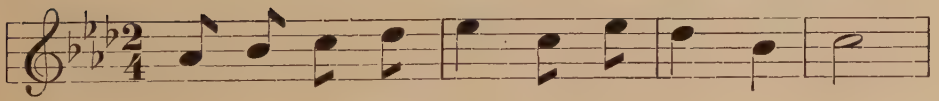
Chou - ca - chou, Chou - ca - chou, You'll have to hur - ry, train! It's



twen - ty miles to Grandpa's house And twen - ty back a - gain.

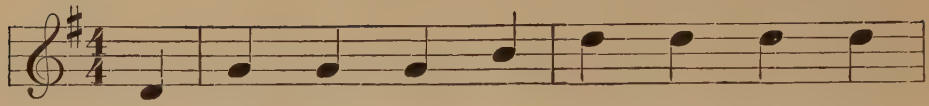
A STUDY

French Melody

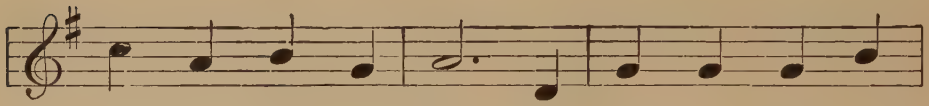


THE CLIMBER

C. L. CAROLINE LARRABEE



1. I'd rath - er be a mon - key spry, Than
2. But now if sit - ting on a bough, Or
3. But if I had a long hooked tail, And

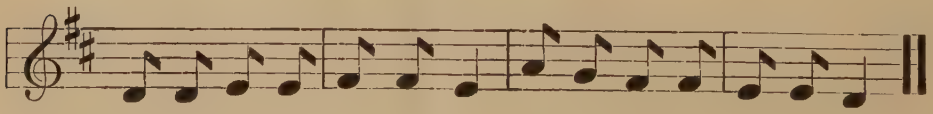


a - ny sort of thing, For then I'd climb the
on the gar - den wall, There's al - ways some one
hands in - stead of feet, There's no one that could

high - est tree, And down from branch - es swing.
who will say, "Come down or you will fall!"
pull me down, Just when I'd got a seat.

GERMAN CRADLE SONGS

1



2

SHIPS FROM THE SEA

M. V.

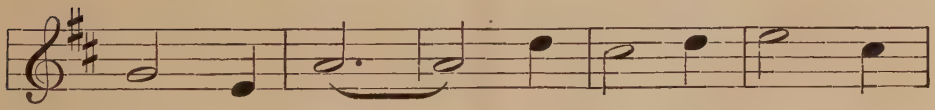
Allegretto

1. The winds are blow - ing, The riv - ers
2. The waves are sing - ing, The ships are

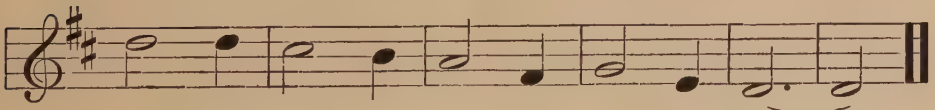
flow - ing, The ships sail up from the sea. . .
bring - ing Sweet gifts for moth - er and me. . .

MY FAIRY

1. I'd like to tame a fair - y: To keep it
2. I'd teach it pret - ty man - ners; It al - ways



on a shelf, . . To see it wash its
should say "Please," And then, you know, I'd



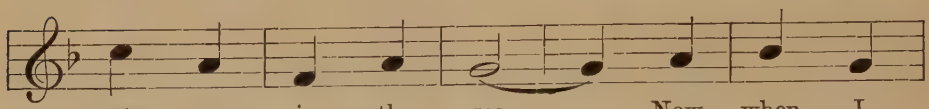
lit - tle face And dress its lit - tle self. . .
make it sew, And curt - sy with its knees. . .

BATHING

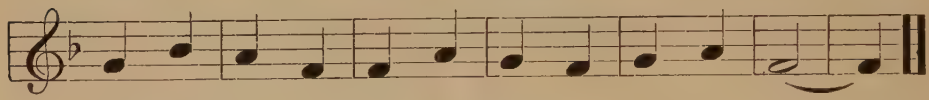
HELEN HAY*

Allegro

1. My Aunt - ie takes me to the sand, And
2. The sand is ver - y warm and nice, All
3. It is not ver - y safe at sea, It's



puts me in the sea; . . Now, when I
pud - dles filled with shell; . . The sea is
still - er on the ground; . Of course I'm



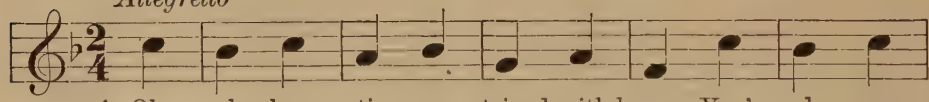
stand up - on the land, I'm brave as I can be! . .
wet, and cold as ice, I swal - low waves—and, yell! .
not a - fraid for *me,* But Aunt - ie might get drowned.

*Verses for "Jock and Joan" by HELEN HAY. FOX, DUFFIELD & CO., New York

THE TIGER

C. L. CAROLINE LARRABEE

Allegretto



1. Oh yel - low ti - ger, striped with brown, You're al - ways
2. I won - der if I stroked your fur, If you would

walk - ing up and down; Or 'round a - bout your
then be - gin to purr, Or wheth - er you would

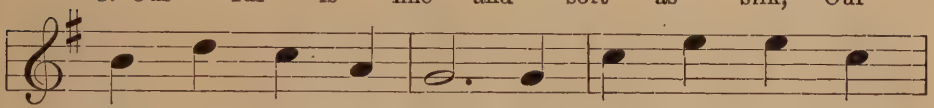
cage you go, With steps so light, now fast, now slow.
try to bite, And lash your tail with all your might.

THE MUSK-RAT

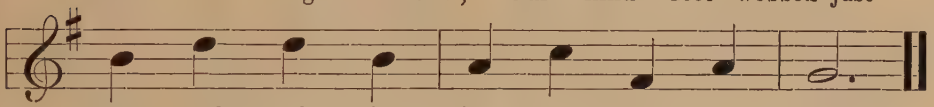
C. L. CAROLINE LARRABEE.

Moderato

1. Oh! I'm a musk - rat small; I live Where
2. My door's be - neath the wa - ters blue, My
3. Our fur is fine and soft as silk, Our



qui - et wa - ters flow; My house is built of
hall - way's up a hill, And at the top, all
tails are long and thin, Our hind feet webbed just

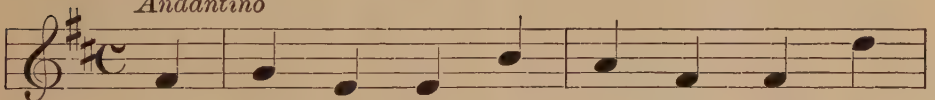


grass and reeds That in the marsh - es grow.
safe, you'll find My ba - bies ly - ing still.
like a duck's, That swift - ly we may swim.

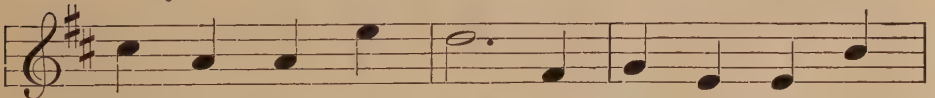
A HAPPY CHILD

KATE GREENAWAY

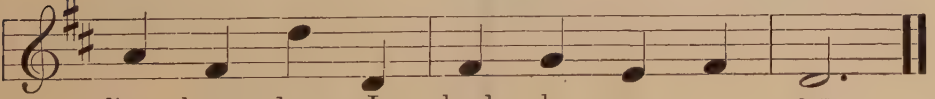
Andantino



1. My house is red — a lit - tle house; A
2. I have a tree, a green, green tree, To
3. My lit - tle bas - ket I will take, And



hap - py child am I; I laugh and play the
shade me from the sun; And un - der it I
trip it in - to town; When next I'm there I'll



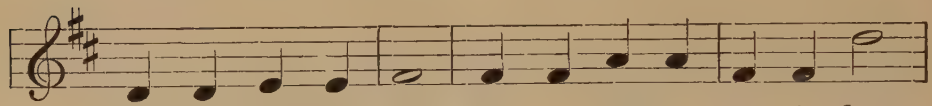
live - long day, I hard - ly ev - er cry.
of - ten sit When all my work is done.
buy some cake, And spend my bright half - crown.

THE BOAT

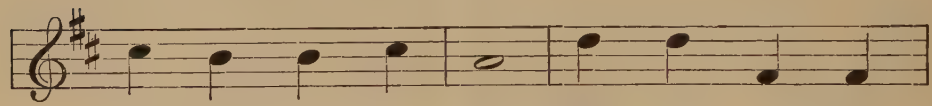
GABRIEL SETOUN

Andante

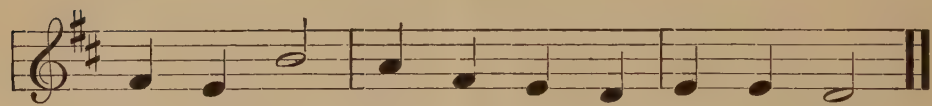
1. Lit - tle waves, I've brought the boat
2. See my boat, It mounts and dips,



Fa - ther made for me; For I want to see it float
Where you break in foam; Tell it how the big, big ships



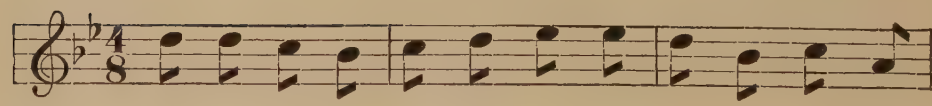
On the sun - ny sea; Take it in your
Sail so far from home— What they bring and

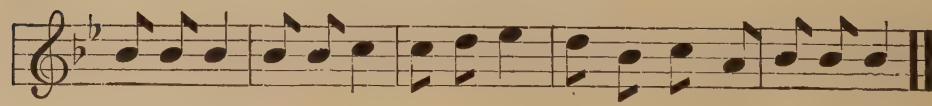


lit - tle hands, Bear it on the gold - en sands.
where they go— All the thou - sand things you know.

A STUDY

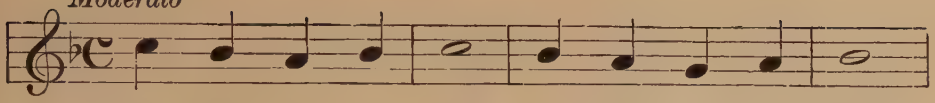
Russian Tune





STRAWBERRIES

Moderato



1. Ber - ries now are seen, In the wood - land green,
2. Hear their fra - grant call; "Chil - dren great and small,

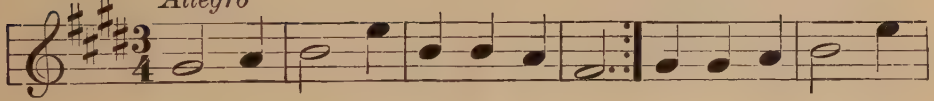
Grow - ing red, and ripe, and sweet, Where sun and dew have been.
Bring your bas - kets, bring your pails, And pluck us ber - ries all."

STUDIES

1

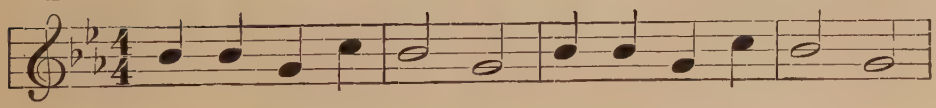
Allegro

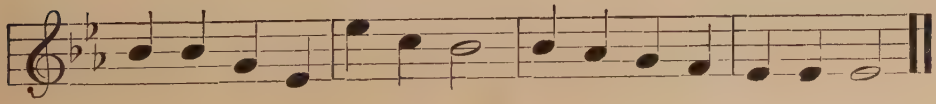
Bohemian Folk Tune



2

German Tune

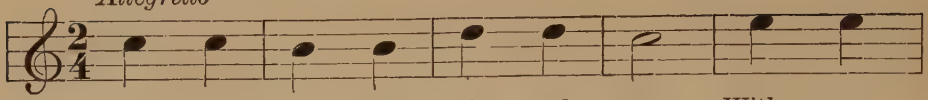




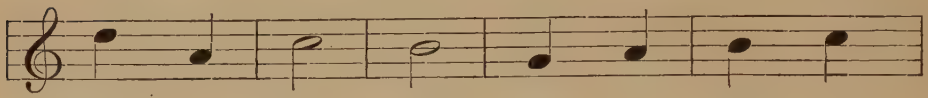
SNOW-DROPS

LAURENCE ALMA TADEMA

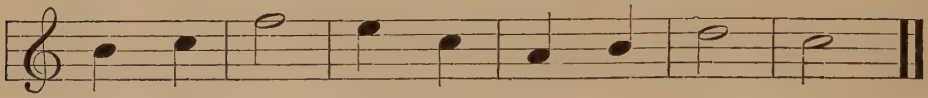
Allegretto



1. Lit - tle la - dies white and green, With your
2. You are sweet, and fresh, and clean, With your
3. Lit - tle la - dies white and green, Are you



spears a - bout you, Will you tell us
pearl - y fa - ces; In the dark earth
glad to cheer us? Hun - ger not for

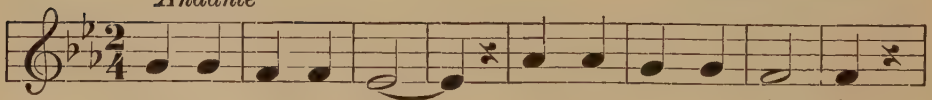


where you've been, Since we've been with - out you?
where you've been, There are won - drous pla - ces.
where you've been; Stay till Spring be near us.

CHRISTMAS LULLABY

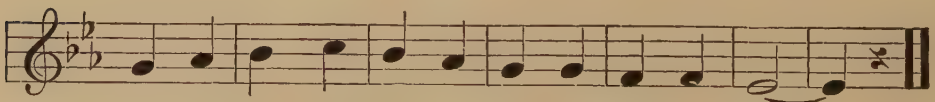
Bohemian Tune

Andante



Sleep, dear Ba - by, sleep, On Thy bed of hay; . . .

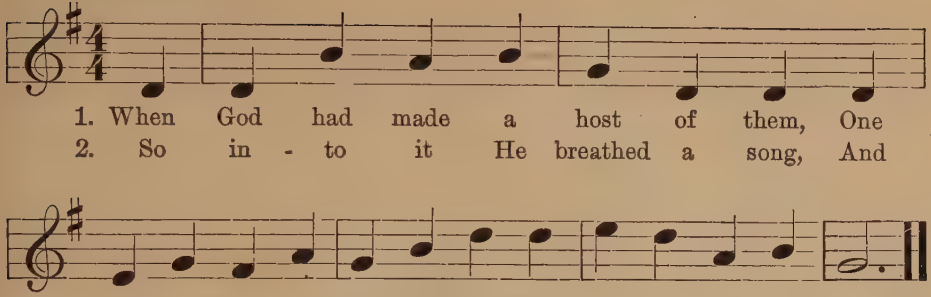
An - gels in the star - ry heav - en Sing of



joy to mor - tals giv - en, Till the dawn of day. . .

THE BLUEBIRD

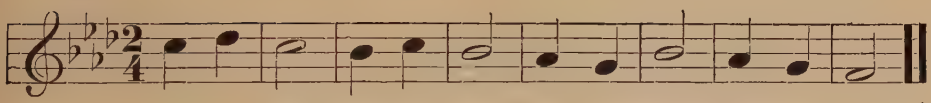
JOHN B. TABB



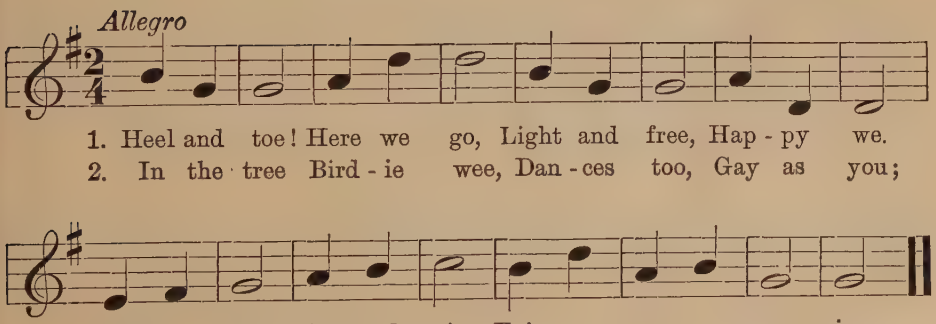
By kind permission of SMALL, MAYNARD & CO.

THE SORROWFUL TREE

M. V.



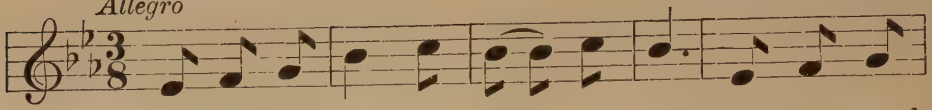
HEEL AND TOE



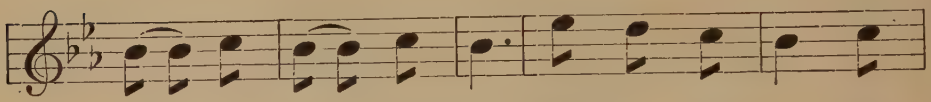
SIX LITTLE MICE

MOTHER GOOSE — English Folk Song

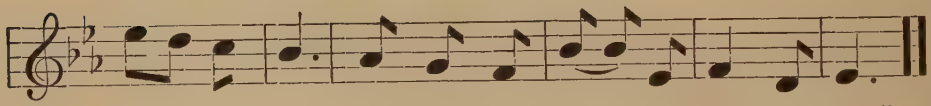
Allegro



1. Six lit - tle mice sat down to spin, Puss - y passed
2. "Shall I come in and bite off your threads?" "No, no, Miss



by, and she peeped in. "What are you at, my
Puss-y, you'll bite off our heads." "Oh, no, I'll not; I'll

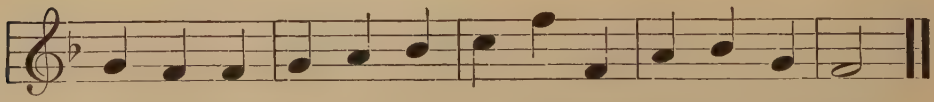


lit - tle men?" "Mak-ing good coats for gen - tle - men."
help you spin." "That may be so, but you don't come in."

THE SAIL

Allegretto

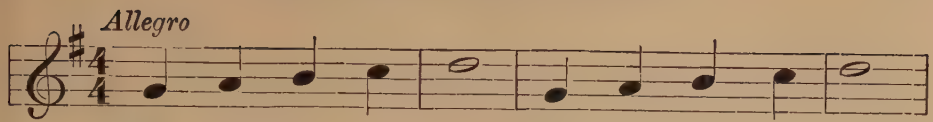
1. The fresh breeze is blow - ing, The white - caps are
2. The white sail is strain - ing, The white spray is



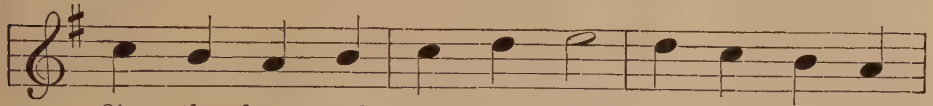
show - ing, A - sail - ing we're go - ing, Far down the blue bay.
rain - ing; Till day - light is wan - ing, We'll sail the blue bay.

ROVER AND BUNNY

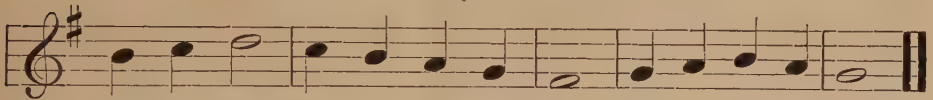
Allegro



See old Rov - er run Aft - er lit - tle Bun!



O'er the lawn and up the stair, In and out, now



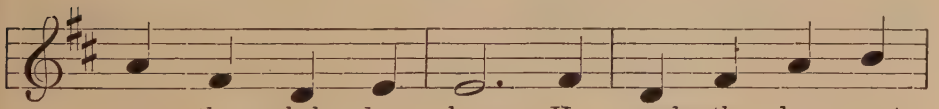
here, now there, Down a - gain they run, Rov - er aft - er Bun.

A FRIEND IN THE GARDEN

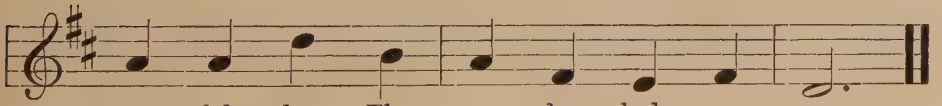
Mrs. Ewing

Moderato

1. He is not John, the gar - den - er, And
2. He is not Tom, the puss - y - cat, And
3. He is not Dash, the dear old dog, And
4. He's not a black - bird, tho' he chirps, And



yet the whole day long, He spends the day most
yet the oth - er day, With stealth - y stride, and
yet, per - haps, if you Took pains with him, and
tho' he once was black; For now he wears a

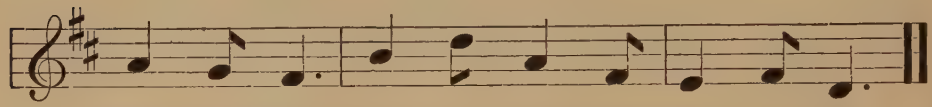


use - ful - ly, The gar - den beds a - mong.
glist - 'ning eye He pounced up - on his prey.
pet - ted him, You'd come to love him too.
loose gray coat, All wrin - kled on the back.

IN THE BOAT

Blue the sky, blue the sea,

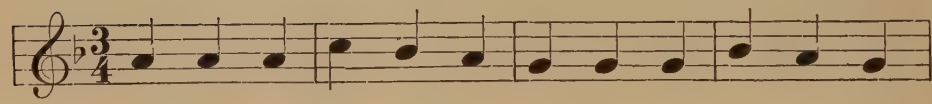
Where our boat drifts la - zi - ly, Snow - y gulls

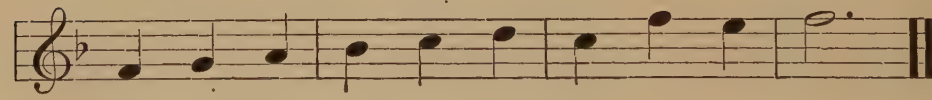


scream and call, Sum - mer sun shines glad o'er all.

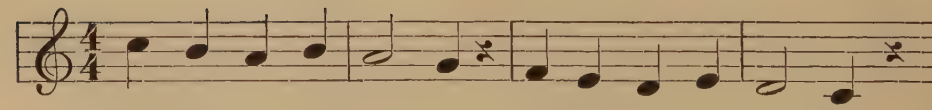
A SONG

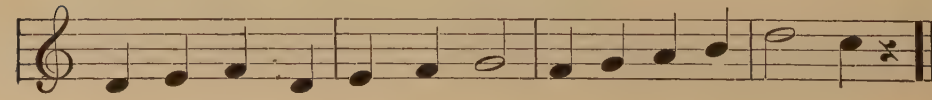
Swedish Tune





A STUDY

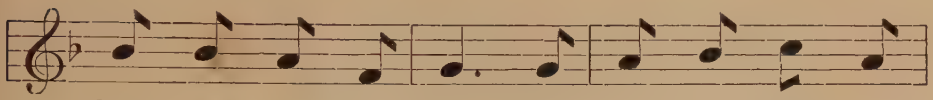




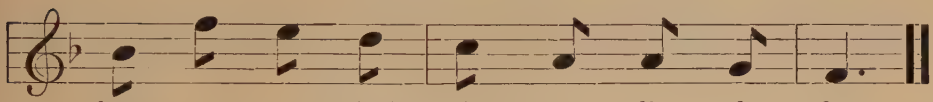
ROBIN AND HIS MATE

Mrs. Carter — B. Hamma

1. Said Rob - in to his pret - ty mate, "Bring
2. And we will build a lit - tle nest, Where -
3. And you shall keep them ver - y warm, And



here a lit - tle clay; Lay here a stick, and
in you soon shall lay Your pret - ty eggs, so
on - ly think, my dear! 'Twill not be long be -

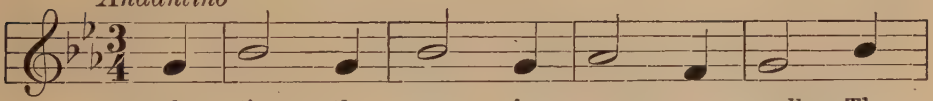


there a straw, And bring a lit - tle hay.
smooth, so blue; Come, let us work a - way.
fore we see, Four lit - tle rob - ins here."

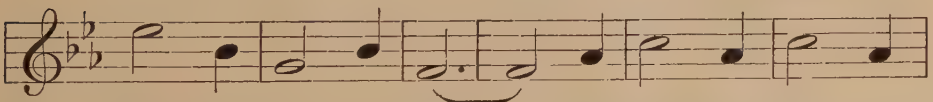
WREN AND HUMMING-BIRD

Ann Taylor

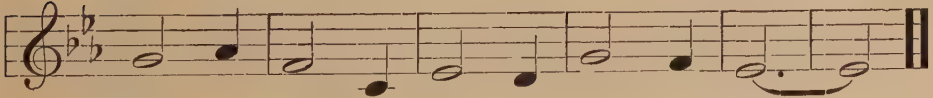
Andantino



1. The lit - tle wren is ver - y small, The
2. The pel - i - can, she loves her young, The



hum - ming bird is less. . . The la - dy - bird is
stork its par - ent loves. . . The wood-cock's bill is



least of all, And beau - ti - ful her dress. . .
ver y long, And in - no - cent are doves. . .

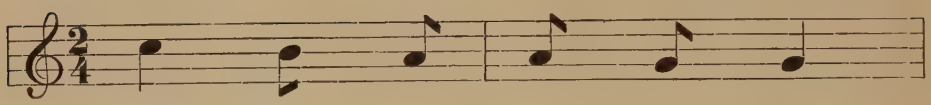
PART II

ROTE SONGS

For Study and Practice

THE FIRST SNOW

Marie Vance — Eleanor Smith



1. All on a win - ter day,
2. Soft - er than plum - y down
3. Then voi - ces far and near

Snow - flakes came out to play;
Blown from the this - tle crown
Rang out in hap - py cheer:

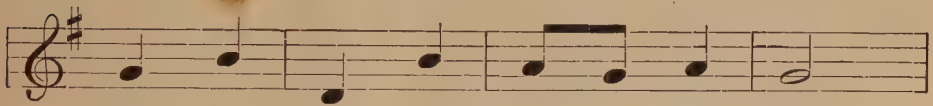
Thou - sands of ti - ny star - lets Bright and gay.
Fell all the glist'n - ing star - lets O'er the town.
"Win - ter is sure - ly com - ing, Snow is here!"

HE WHO WOULD A SOLDIER BE

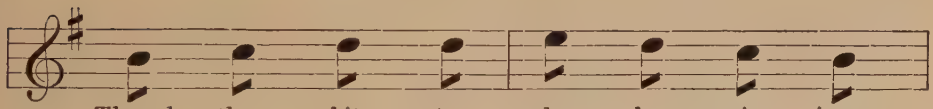
From the German — German Popular Song

Tempo di marcia

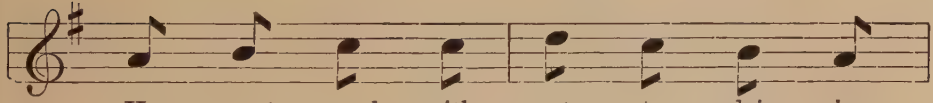
1. He who would a sol - dier be,
2. He who would a sol - dier be,
3. He who would a sol - dier be,
4. We may all good sol diers be,



Must be - have right gal - lant - ly;
Must be mer - ry, brave, and free;
Nev - er may from dan - ger flee;
All our lives fight gal lant - ly;



Though the bit - ter sky be rain - ing,
With his spurs and mus - kets gleam - ing,
Staunch his heart must be in bat - tle,
Though we stay at home for - ev - er,



He must march with - out com - plain - ing,
Face with cheer - ful smile a - beam - ing,
Brave, and strong, though bul - lets rat - tle,
March with fly - ing ban - ners nev - er,

He who would a sol - dier be.
He who would a sol - dier be.
If he would a sol - dier be.
We may all good sol - diers be.

GATHERING APPLES

KATE FORMAN — French Folksong

Allegretto

1. O see them ripe and read - y,
2. I won - der what has fall - en,
3. The bas - ket's o - ver - flow - ing,

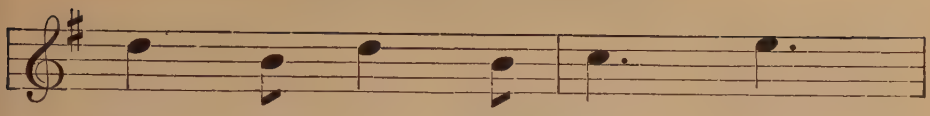
Ap - ples up - on the tree;
Down from the tree so high;
Some with a ros - y sheen;

Hold up your a - pron stead - y,
Was it the heav - y ap - ples,
Oth - ers with yel - low glow - ing,

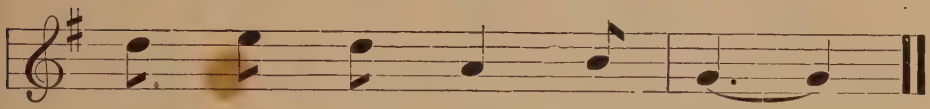
Gath - er them all with me. . . .
Or was it on - ly I? . . .
Oth - ers with o - pal green. . .

Ap - ples are hard and heav - y,
Here I will stay and gath - er,
Bring in our ap - ple har - vest,

Down on my head they fall. . . . O
Here on the grass - y ground. . . And
Win - ter is com - ing fleet. . . Though



climb and I will fol - low,
let the ap - ples fol - low
cold his days and bit - ter,

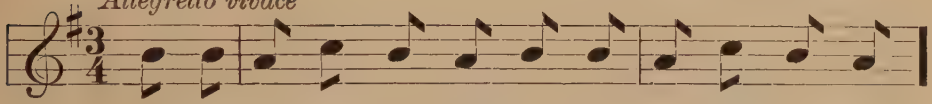


So we may gath - er all. . . .
Down with a mer - ry bound. . .
Ap - ples will make them sweet! . .

THE SWARM

KATE FORMAN — Russian Folksong

Allegretto vivace



1. All the bees are hum-ming, I can hear them com - ing,
2. See their lit - tle lea - der — O how well they heed her!
3. How they fuss and wor - ry — E - ven drones must hur - ry!
4. O how fast they're fly - ing — I am near - ly cry - ing!
5. Lit - tle ru - ler haugh - ty, Do not be so naugh - ty!
6. Would you think it fun - ny — Los - ing all our hon - ey?
7. Down at last they're com -ing, I can hear them hum -ming!

In a noi - sy storm; They've be - gun to swarm.
Ev'r - y fuz - zy bee Waits for her de - cree.
Noth - ing is de - layed; Queens must be o - beyed.
High up out of sight Have we lost them quite!
Bring your peo - ple down From the elm - tree's crown.
Think how well you thrive, In your pret - ty hive!
Safe and all a - live, Shut them in the hive!

RINGELLY, RINGELLY

Mrs. Follen — Eleanor Smith

Allegretto

1. Rin - gel - ly, rin - gel - ly rah - re - roon, My
2. Rin - gel - ly, rin - gel - ly rah - re - roon,

ba - by has slept till al - most noon.
Here is his milk and here his spoon.

Rin - gel - ly, rin - gel - ly rah - re - roon,
Rin - gel - ly, rin - gel - ly rah - re - roon,

My ba - by must have his break - fast soon.
He'll be a month old - er when comes next moon.

THE CANARY'S VOICE

Helen Leavenworth — Jessie L. Gaynor

My ca - na - ry has a curl - y voice, If I could write it

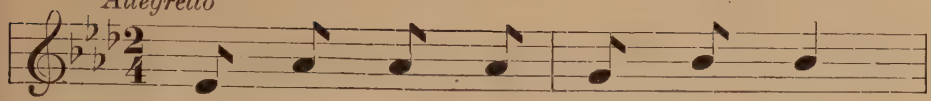
down Up-on my slate 'Twould go like this, Just round and round and round.

HARE AND HUNTER

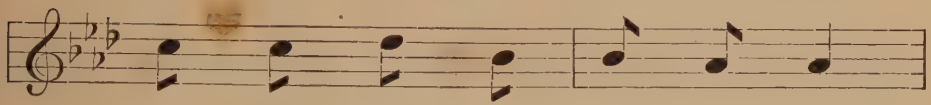
KATE FORMAN

German Folksong

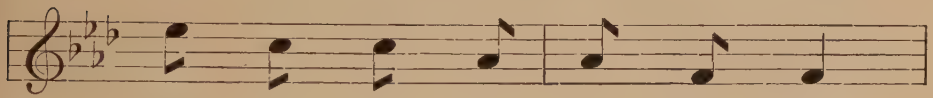
Allegretto



1. Red was the Oc - to - ber sun,
2. "Cru - el hunt - er" so it cried,
3. Said the hunt - er, "Lit - tle hare,



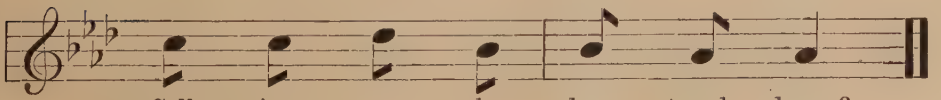
As the hunt - er with his gun
"Cru - el in your self - ish pride!
I've a gar - den made with care.



Passed a thick - et near the ground;
In your heav - y bag you bear,
Do not come and nib - ble so —

There he heard a plain - tive sound,
Cold and dead, my broth - er hare!
Let my sprouts and let - tuce grow!

Was it elf or wood - land gnome
Hear my sigh and hear my moan,
If you'll nev - er en - ter there,



Call - ing as he has - tened home?
Leave, O leave us all a - lone."
Then I'll nev - er shoot a hare."

LAVENDER'S BLUE

Old Nursery Rhyme — Old English Tune

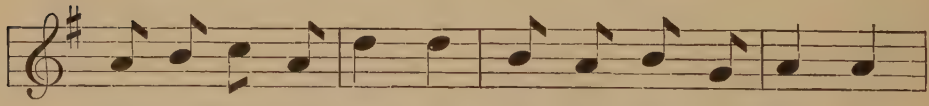
1. Lav - en - der's blue, fid - dle, did - dle, Lav - en - der's green;
2. Call up your men, fid - dle, did - dle, Set them to work;
3. Some to make hay, fid - dle, did - dle, Some to cut corn,

When I am King, fid - dle, did - dle, You shall be Queen.
Some at the plow, fid - dle, did - dle, Some at the cart.
While Jess and I fid - dle, did - dle, Play in the barn.

WHEN THE ICE COMES

Mrs. Tunis — French Nursery Song

1. See, O see! All this ice for me.
2. Girls and boys, Come with hap - py noise.



Jack - y Frost he sent it, Jol - ly Win - ter lent it,
Thick the ice is ly - ing; Now like birds a - fly - ing,

So I'll go a - skat - ing, See, O see!
Let us all go skat - ing, Girls and boys!

LITTLE FARMERS

Action-Song

French Game

French Folksong

1. Would you see us plow our land,
2. Would you see us sow our seed,
3. Would you see us cut our grain,
4. Would you see us thresh our grain,

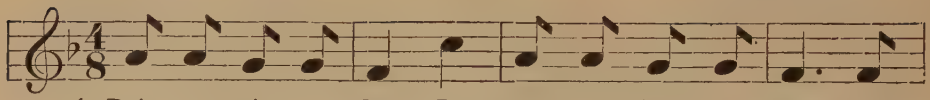
plow our land, plow our land?
sow our seed, sow our seed?
cut our grain, cut our grain?
thresh our grain, thresh our grain?

This is how we plow our land,
This is how we sow our seed,
This is how we cut our grain,
This is how we thresh our grain,

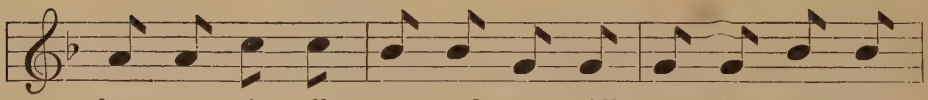
In the ear - ly days of spring.
As the grain a - broad we - fling.
Hear our sound - ing sic - kles ring!
While the mer - ry thresh - ers sing.

RAINY DAY

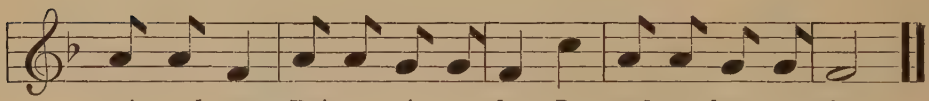
MARGARET VAN DYKE — German Tune



1. Rain - y, rain - y day! It sends us home to play. So
2. Rain - y, rain - y day! While here we sit and play, The
3. Rain - y rain, now stay! And let us out to play. You've



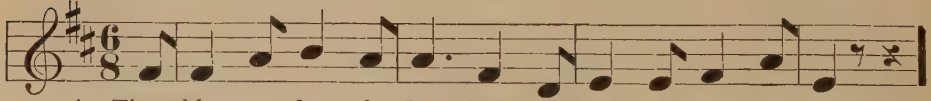
here we sit all snug and warm, All safe from wind and
cow is in her sta - ble dry, The doves are in the
washed the earth and washed the sky,—Now send the sun to



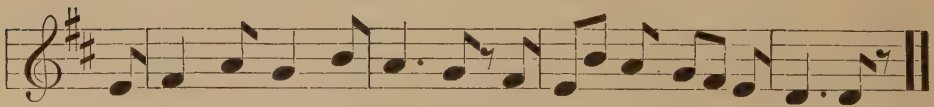
rain and storm. Rain-y, rain - y day, It sends us home to play.
bel - fry high. Rain-y, rain - y day, While here we sit and play.
make them dry. Rain-y rain, now stay, And let us out to play.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT

From the German — C. WILHELM



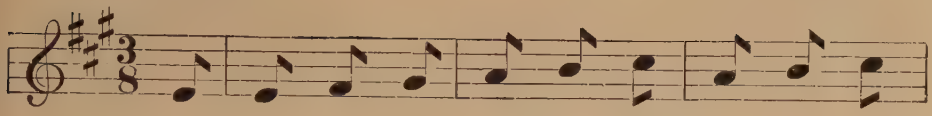
1. There blooms a low - ly flow - 'ret, Up - on our earth so green;
2. It knows not how to rea - son, Yet hap - py is its lot;



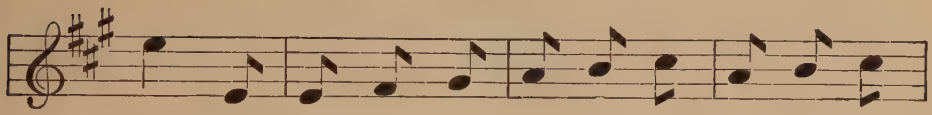
Its eye is like the Heav-en, The blu - est ev - er seen.
It speaks to all a mes - sage, It says, "for - get - me - not."

GET UP

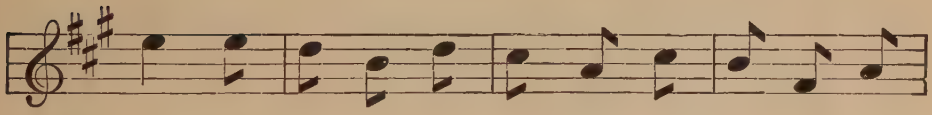
KATE FORMAN — JOHN MARTIN



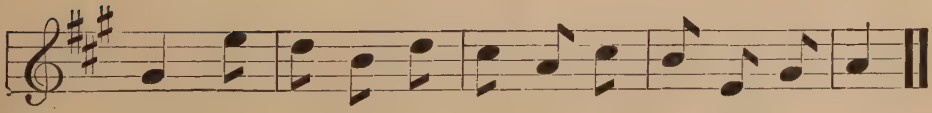
1. Your win - dow is o - pen, the sun - shine is
2. Your win - dow is o - pen, and up on a
3. Your Moth - er is call - ing, "My dear sleep - y -



here, He o - pens your eyes and he speaks in your
bough, A gay lit - tle chip-munk says "Come with me
head, O come back from Dream-land and jump out of



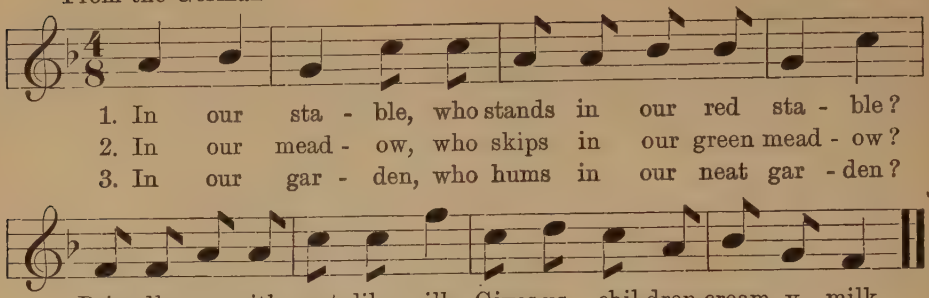
ear: "It's time you were rous - ing and wak - ing, you
now! Come down in the gar - den, O has - ten with
bed! To lie there and rest ver - y pleas - ant may



know, And com - ing to see how the straw - ber - ries grow."
me, And see who is first in a race up the tree!"
seem, But break-fast you nev - er will find in a dream!"

BOSSY, LAMB AND HONEY-BEE

From the German — Old Tune

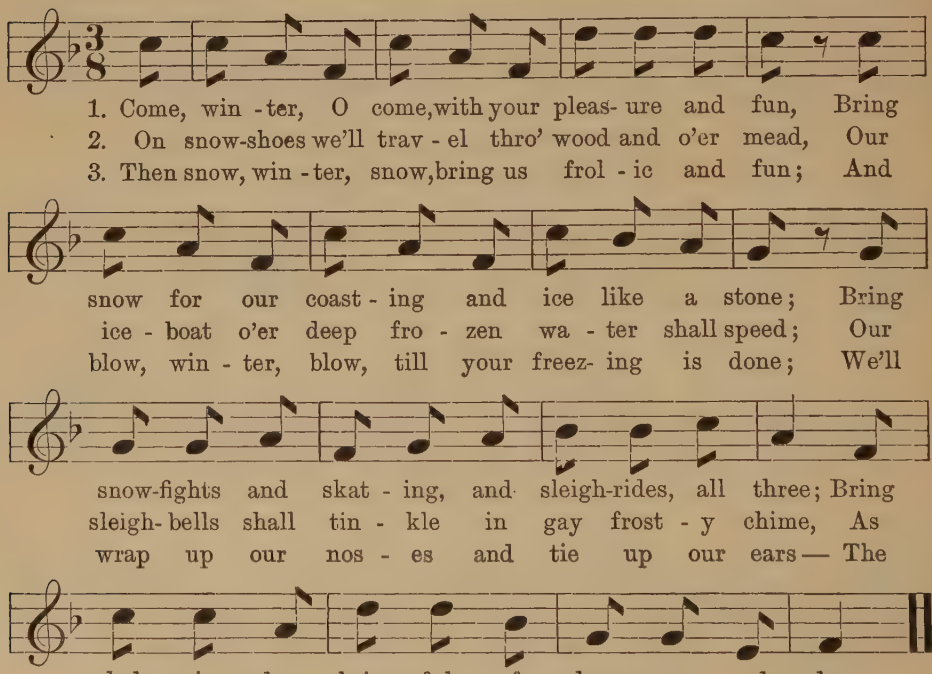


1. In our sta - ble, who stands in our red sta - ble?
2. In our mead - ow, who skips in our green mead - ow?
3. In our gar - den, who hums in our neat gar - den?

Brin- dle cow with coat like silk; Gives us chil-dren cream- y milk.
Wool- ly lamb with coat of white; Gives us dress - es warm and light.
Big, brown, fuzz- y - buzz - y bee; Finds us hon - ey, Bess and me.

COME, WINTER

MARIE VANCE — J. M. WEBER



1. Come, win - ter, O come, with your pleas- ure and fun, Bring
2. On snow-shoes we'll trav - el thro' wood and o'er mead, Our
3. Then snow, win - ter, snow, bring us frol - ic and fun; And

snow for our coast - ing and ice like a stone; Bring
ice - boat o'er deep fro - zen wa - ter shall speed; Our
blow, win - ter, blow, till your freez- ing is done; We'll

snow-fights and skat - ing, and sleigh-rides, all three; Bring
sleigh- bells shall tin - kle in gay frost - y chime, As
wrap up our nos - es and tie up our ears — The

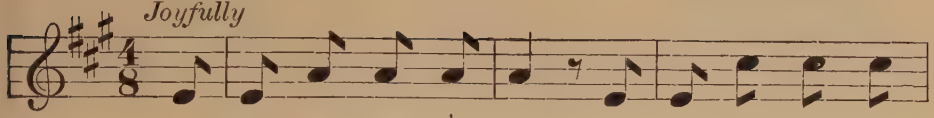
hol - i - days brim - ful of pleas - ure and glee.
sweet as the bird - songs in sweet sum - mer time.
fire - side in win - ter's for del - i - cate dears.

THE POST

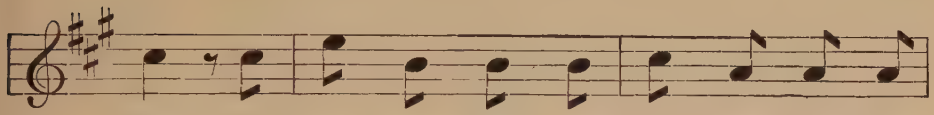
From the German
by Marie Vance

German Folksong

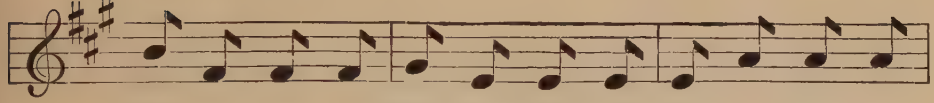
Joyfully



1. I hear the post-horn blow, I hear the post-horn
2. I hear the post-horn blow, I hear the post-horn
3. I hear the post-horn blow, I hear the post-horn



blow, It sum-mons all the vil-lage folk, Like
blow, "Now say, pos-til-ion, quick-ly say, What
blow, "I've brought you let-ters two or three, A



chim-ing bell or strik-ing clock, His jol-ly tune a-
bring you to us all to-day? A pa-per or a
pack-age too, from o'er the sea, Then take them, lit-tle

play-ing, The gay pos-til-ion's say-ing, "You
let-ter? The let-ter we'd like bet-ter, It
broth-er, And run straight home to moth-er; This

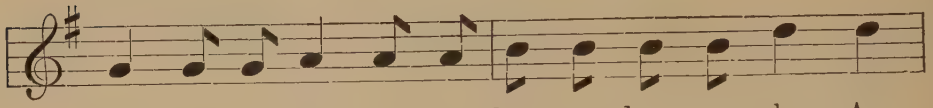
peo-ple all, both great and small, Come, see what I can show."
brings us cheer from friends so dear, And news we'd glad-ly know."
let-ter, too, for Neigh-bor Hugh, Pray leave it as you go."

MOTHER HEN

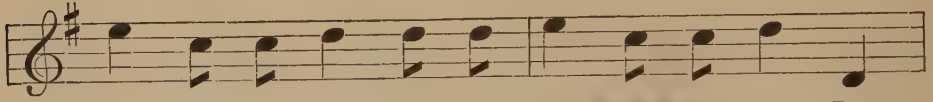
C. Rossetti

Allegretto

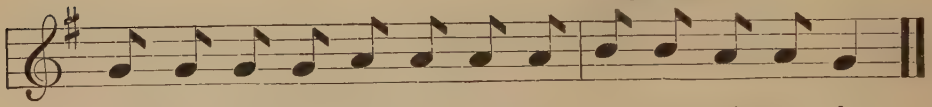
A white hen sit - ting on white eggs three; Next



three spec-kled chick - ens as plump as plump can be. An



owl, and a hawk, and a bat came to see, But

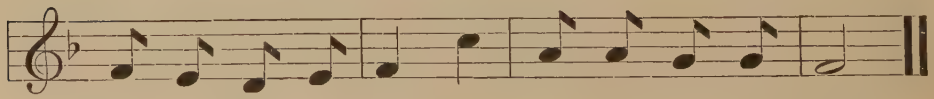


chicks be-neath their moth-er's wing, are safe as safe can be.

YELLOW DOG

Chinese Nursery Rhyme *

Yel - low dog, yel - low dog, You stay and watch,



While I gath - er ros - es In the south rose - patch.

*From Chinese Mother Goose, F. H. Revell, Publisher

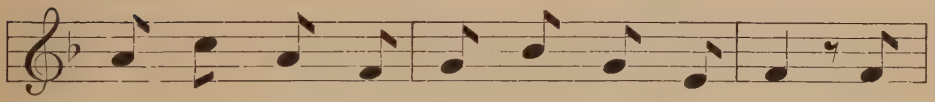
OUR PUG

Adapted from the German
by Laurence Harper

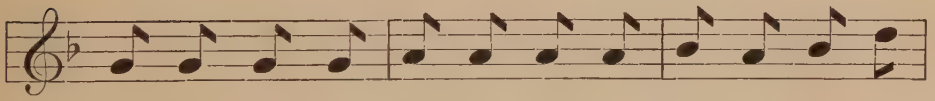
German Air

1. O when a pup - py was our pug, A
2. Now San - ta Claus has col lars new For

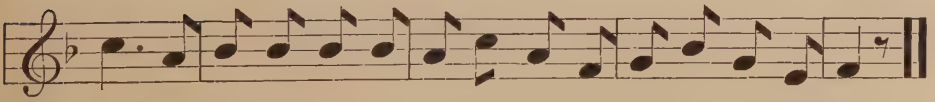
friend - ly one was he; But now he's grown a
gen - tle lit - tle dogs, But yet he car - ries



big - ger dog, He's cross as he can be. With
switch - es too, For naugh - ty, growl - ing pugs. A



bow! bow! bow! and wow! wow! wow! He's cross as he can
lit - tle whip will nip, nip, nip, A naugh - ty, growl-ing

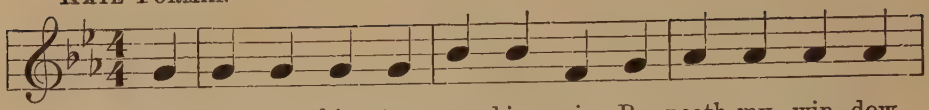


be; Yet when he was a lit - tle pug, A friend-ly one was he.
pug, But col - lar new, there'll be, if you Are gen- tle, pup - py dog.

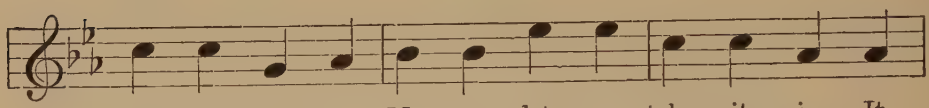
MY KITTEN

KATE FORMAN

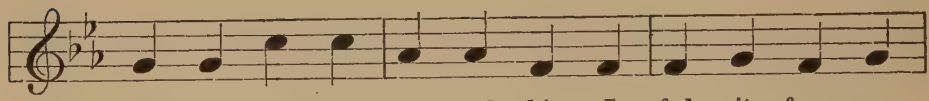
J. M.



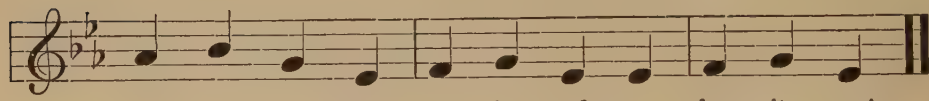
1. A hun-gry kit-ten mewed in pain, Be-neath my win-dow
2. But now it is a great big cat, So round and silk-y,



in the rain; My Ma-ma let me take it in, It
fine and fat. I feed it from a big blue dish, I



was so lit-tle, poor and thin. I fed it from my
love it still, and yet, I wish It had not grown a

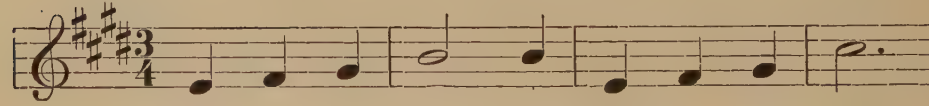


dol-ly's cup—How long it took to lap it up!
sin-gle bit, But still was just my *lit-tle* kit.

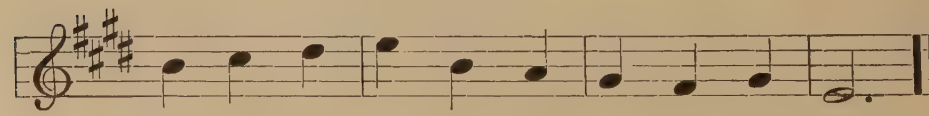
JACK IN THE PULPIT

C. SMITH

J. L. G.



Jack-in-the-pul-pit preach-es to-day



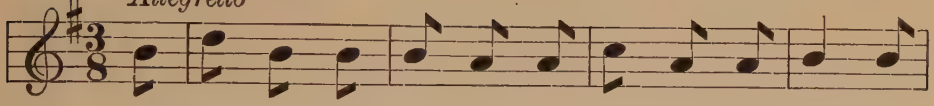
Un-der the green leaves just o-ver the way.

I'VE BEDDED MY BABY

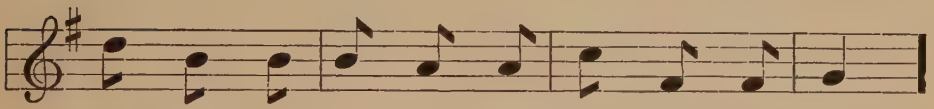
Trans. from the German
by Margaret van Dyke

Silesian Folksong

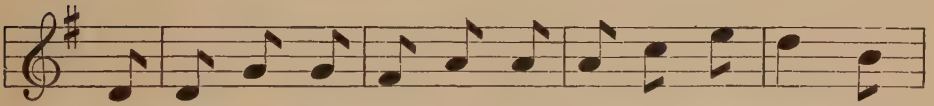
Allegretto



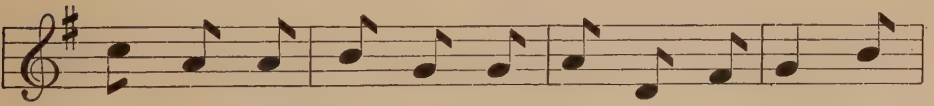
1. I've bed - ded my ba - by in sweet new - mown hay, And
2. The rob - ins and lin - nets, they sing lul - la - by, The
3. The sun smiles down kind - ly on ba - by a - sleep, The



cov - ered her o - ver with flow'rs bright and gay;
doves coo - ing drow - si - ly, o - ver her fly;
tall, nod - ding hol - ly - hocks watch there do keep



With pink and white clo - ver I cov - ered her deep, And
The crick - ets chirp soft - ly, the dis - tant cows moo, Their
While fa - ther and moth - er are mak - ing the hay, All



left her in sun - shine to dream and to sleep, And
bells all a - tin - kle as feed - ing they go, Their
kind out - door crea - tures tend ba - by to - day, All

left her in sun - shine to dream and to sleep.
bells all a - tin - kle as feed - ing they go.
kind out - door crea - tures tend ba - by to - day.

PART III

ROTE SONGS WITH ACCOMPANIMENT

The Threshers

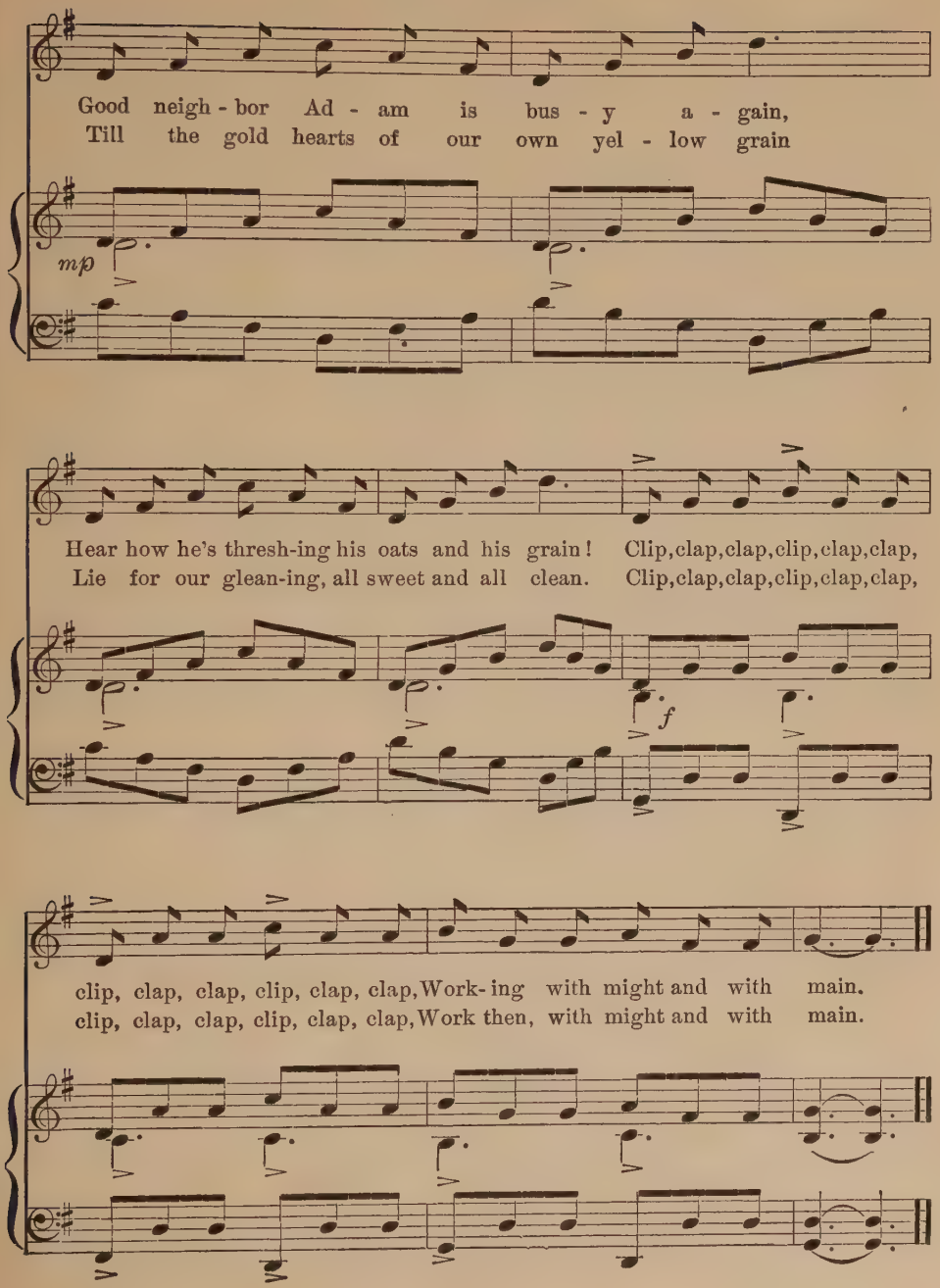
Translated from the German — Old German Threshing Song

Ben marcato

1. Wake, sleepy threshers, for morning is here, Long since the clock has struck three.
2. Backwards and forwards with flails keeping time, Threshers let's merrily go.

mf

Cocks are a - crowing and bells chiming clear, Winds of the dawn blowing free.
Joy-ous - ly sing-ing our work - a - day rhyme, Raining good blow up-on blow.


Good neigh - bor Ad - am is bus - y a - gain,
Till the gold hearts of our own yel - low grain
mp
Hear how he's thresh-ing his oats and his grain! Clip,clap,clap,clip,clap,clap,
Lie for our glean-ing, all sweet and all clean. Clip,clap,clap,clip,clap,clap,
f
clip, clap, clap, clip, clap, clap, Work- ing with might and with main.
clip, clap, clap, clip, clap, clap, Work then, with might and with main.

The Ships

Translated from the French — French Folksong

Andantino

1. See the ships go sail - ing by, With their masts so slim and
2. Blow, kind wind, that we like best, Blow, kind' wind, from out the

mp

high, With their strain-ing snow - y sails Filled by mild and fa - v'ring
west, Bring us back our fa - ther dear, With the morn-ing sun-shine

gales, Tra la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la!
clear, Tra la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la!

My Pretty Pony

Words from the Bohemian

Bohemian Folksong

Allegro

p

1. On! my pret-ty lit-tle po-ny! Nev-er mind the pathway ston-y,
2. Where the shin-ing asp-ens quiv-er, We will can-ter by the riv-er,
3. Now a gal-lop o'er smooth pla-ces Well shall show my po-ny's pa-ces,

p *p*

Trot a-long, my dear one—stead-y! Then for sup-per we'll be rea-dy.
Then up-on the soft green mead-ow Walk a while in cool-ing shad-ow.
Then we'll rest till day a-dawn-ing Brings us both a glad "Good Morn-ing!"

f

Presto

rit.

Work and Play

Translated from
the German by Eleanor Smith

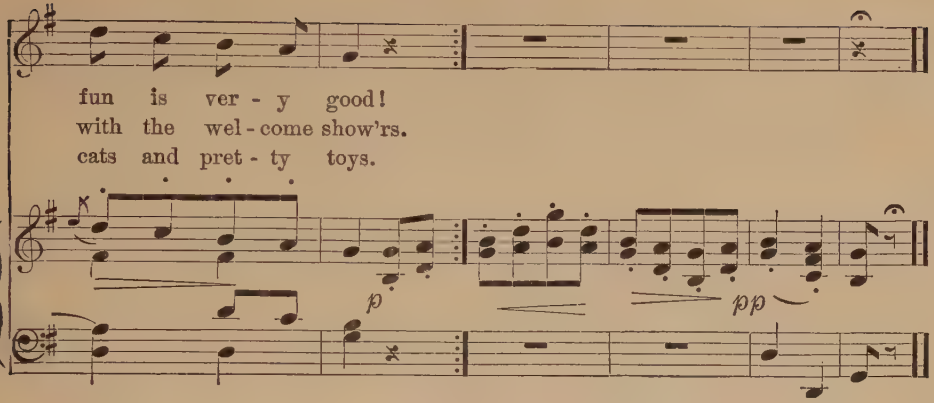
Josef Rheinberger

Allegretto

1. Ev'r - y cun - ning lit - tle spar-row Works to find his dai - ly food; With the leaf - y air to play in, Spar-row - fun is ver - y good!
2. In its earth - y home so ti - ny, Ev'r - y pret - ty lit - tle flow'r Keeps its root - lets bus - y grow-ing, Frol - ics with the wel-come show'rs. Spar-row
3. All the bus - y lit - tle chil - dren Go to school—the girls and boys; Have their pleas-ant homes and les - sons, Puss - y - cats and pret - ty toys. Frol - ics Puss - y

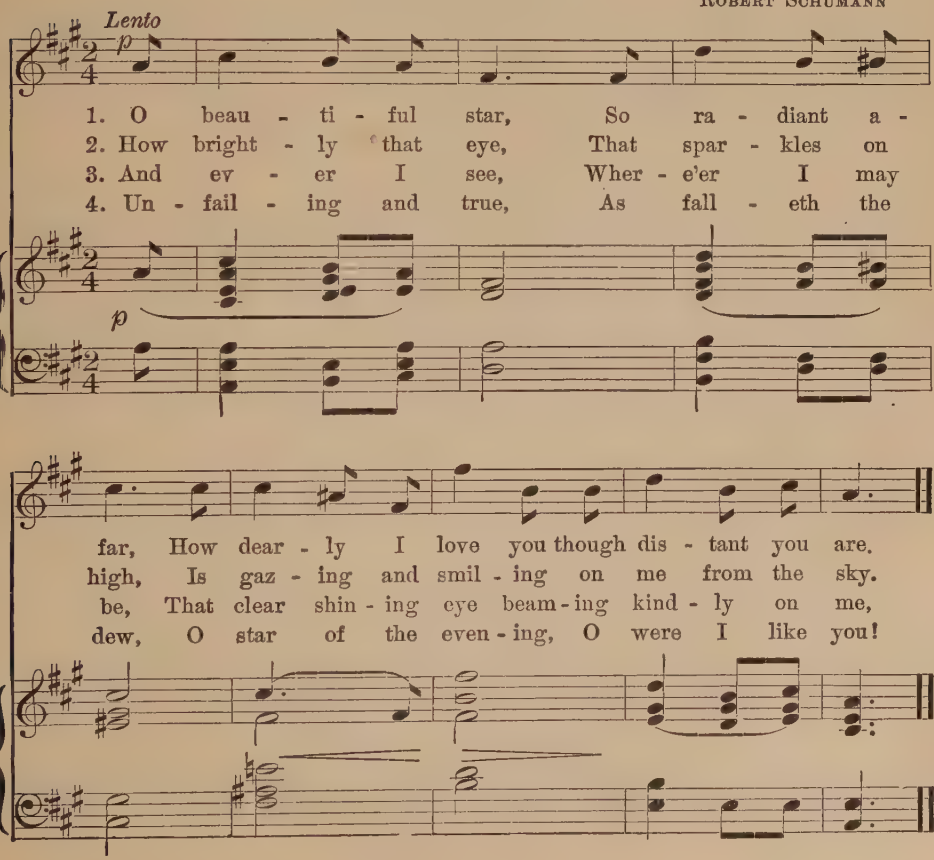
p *mf* *p* *sf* *sf*

* When sung with accompaniment the interlude may be omitted.



The Evening Star

ROBERT SCHUMANN



Sleep Song

J. L. G.

JESSIE L. GAYNOR

Tenderly

1. Sleep, my dar - ling,
2. Sleep, my dar - ling,

sleep, my ba - by, Stars be-deck the heav'n's deep blue.
sleep, my dear one, Close your eyes this Christmas night.

Long a - go in low - ly man - ger Slept a lit - tle child like
Dream per-haps of fra-grant mead - ows And of skies a - glow with

poco rit.

you, Slept a - mid the peace - ful ox - en,
light, Dream of shep-herds and of wise men,

tempo.

While His moth- er o'er Him bent; And the dark - ness
And the star of pur - est ray, Shin- ing bright - ly

poco rit.

glowed a - bout Him With the light His glo - ry lent.
o'er that man - ger Where the sleep - ing ba - by lay.

marcato e rit.

Ped. *

Follow, Lambkins!

Translated from B. Björnsen

R. Nordraak

Allegro

1. Fol - low, fol - low, lamb-kins all, Where the tin - kling bell doth call;
2. Go not where the burrs are seen, Keep your coat all soft and clean;
3. Crop the rich and ten - der grass, Lit - tle goat, as on you pass;

mp

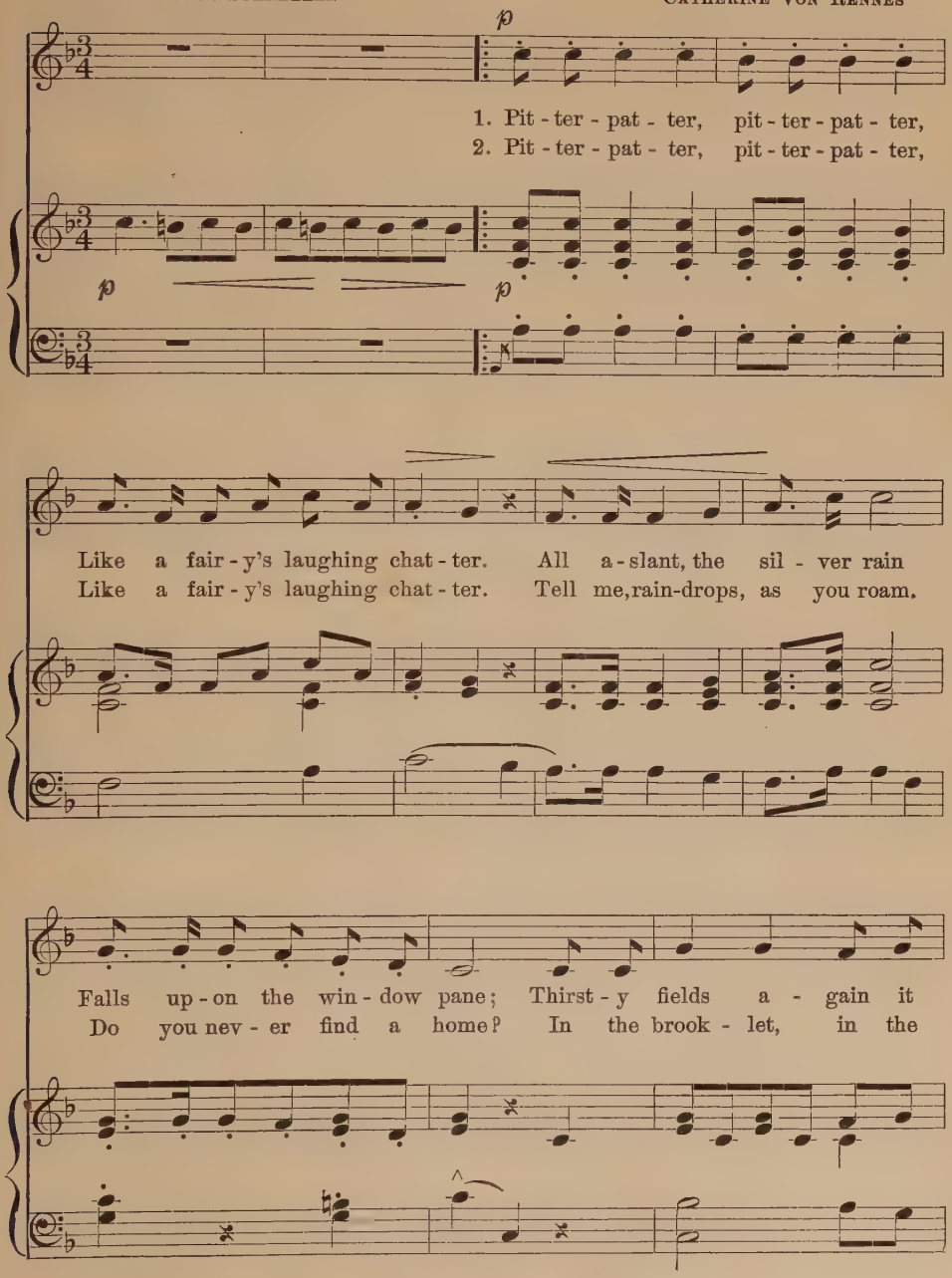
To the high - land mead - ow Climb, thro' sun and shad - ow.
Moth - er needs it, weav - ing Through the win - ter eve - ning.
All your cream a - tak - ing, Cheese my moth - er's mak - ing.

f

May Rain

After Agatha Schnellen

Catherine von Rennes



bless - es, Ap - ple trees in bloom it dress - es; Sweet, re -
o - cean, In the cloud - let, you're in mo - tion, Ris - ing

fresh - ing, down it show'rs, Giv - ing life to spring-ing flow'rs.
mist or tric-kling rill, You are nev - er, nev - er still.

p

3. Pit - ter - pat - ter, pit - ter - pat - ter, I'll be wet, but that's no

mat - ter. Tho' I'm small, this much I know, May's mild rain will make me

grow; Tho' I'm small, this much I know, May's mild rain will make me

grow.

ten. *ten.*

p *p* *f*

Who Taps?

Translated from the German

E. Weickert

Allegretto

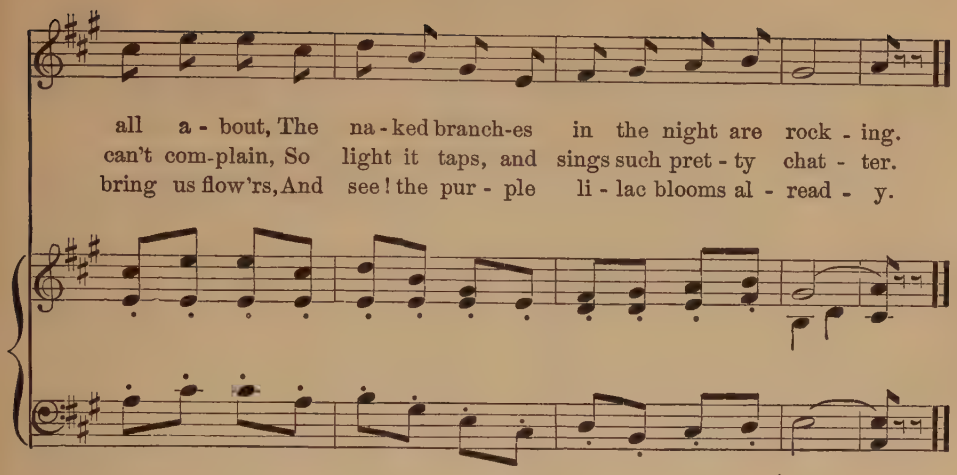
1. Tap, tap, tap, tap, With fin - ger on the
2. Tap, tap, tap, tap, Who - ev - er can it
3. Tap, tap, tap, tap, Who knocks and knocks a -

mp *pp* *mp* *pp*

pane, Tap, tap, tap, tap, The sleet is knock-ing
be? Tap, tap, tap, tap, What sil - ver pit - ter -
gain? Tap, tap, tap, tap, A hand that's light and

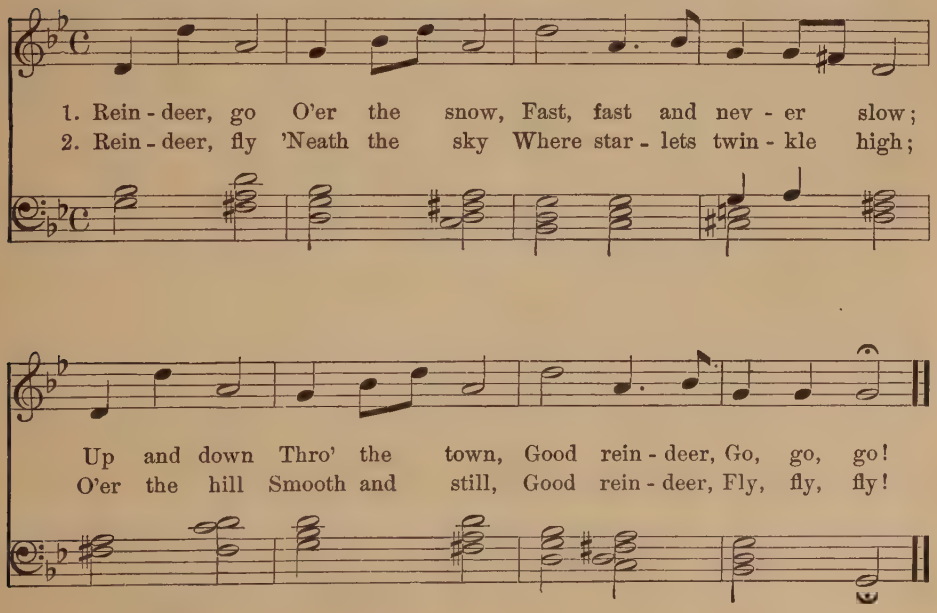
knock-ing, Tap, tap, tap, tap, The March winds out, and
pat - ter! Tap, tap, tap, tap, If A - pril rain, we
stead - y, Tap, tap, tap, tap, The sweet May show'rs that

mp *mf*



A Ride on Father's Knee*

Translated from the Norwegian — Norwegian Nursery Song



* A valuable study in correct intonation.

The Argument

Rebecca B. Foresman

Harvey Worthington Loomis

Andante con moto

p

1, What Ka - ty did or did not do, In - deed I do not
2. One side is wrong, the oth - er right—Of this you may be

p

mf molto rit.

know, do you? But ev'r - y cloud-y night or clear, This end - less ar - gu -
cer-tain quite; But which is right or which is wrong, I can not tell you

mf molto rit.

Allegro

p Refrain

f *mp*

ment I hear: Ka - ty did, Ka - ty did, Ka - ty did, Ka - ty did - n't, Ka - ty
in this song.

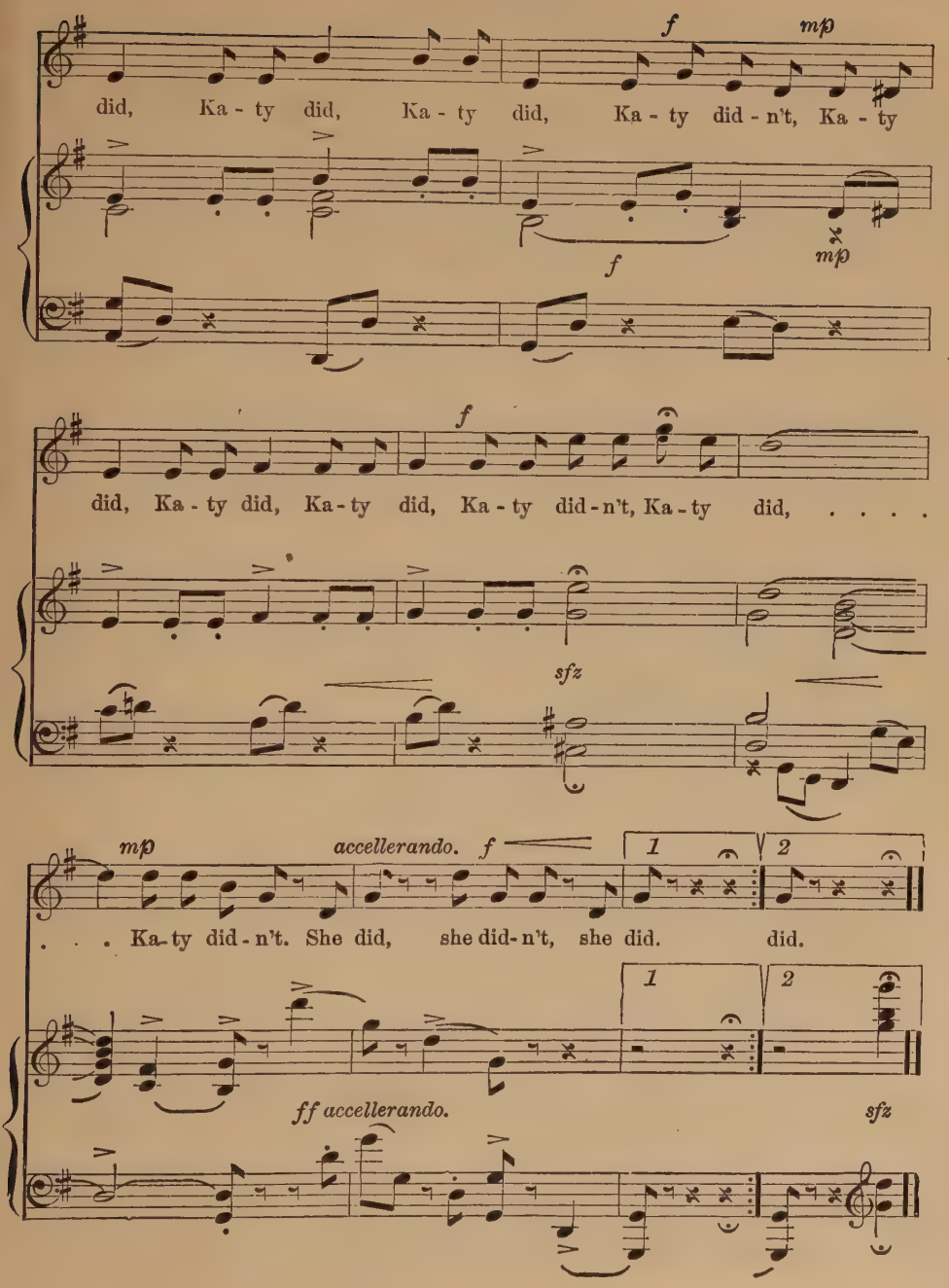
Allegro

mp

p

f

Use pedal carefully


f
mp
did, Ka - ty did, Ka - ty did, Ka - ty did - n't, Ka - ty
mp
f
f
did, Ka - ty did, Ka - ty did, Ka - ty did - n't, Ka - ty did, ...
sfz
mp
accellerando.
f
1
2
. . . Ka - ty did - n't. She did, she did - n't, she did. did.
1
2
ff accellerando.
sfz

'Tis Raining

Translated from the German

W. Taubert

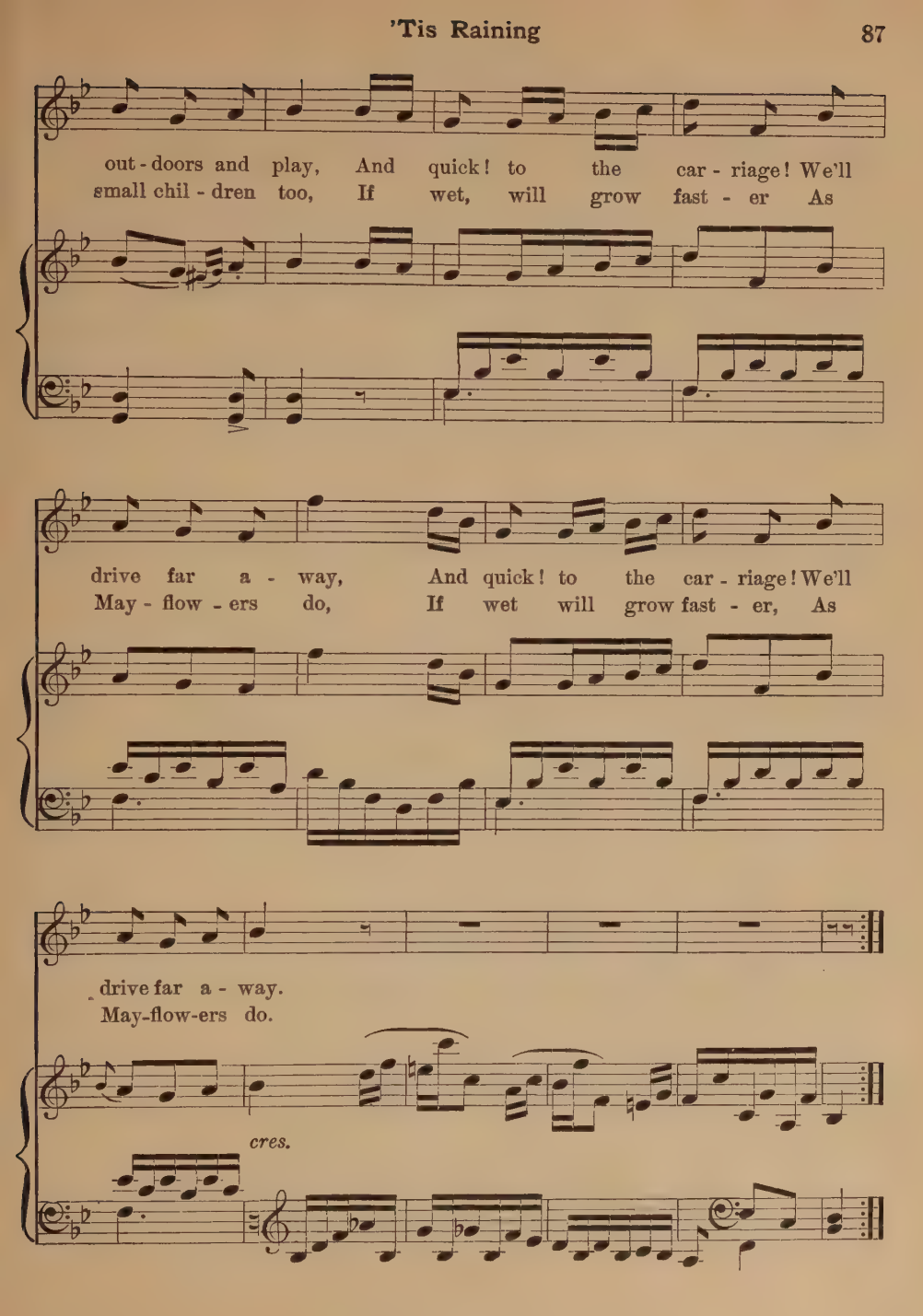
Allegretto

sf

1. 'Tis rain-ing, 'tis rain-ing! 'Twill wet the cuck-oo; How fresh are the
2. 'Tis rain-ing, 'tis rain-ing! 'Twill wet the cuck-oo; But here where we're

p

blos - soms, And green the grass too. May show-ers bring flow - ers, Come
sit - ting, What harm can rain do? May show-ers bring flow - ers, And


out - doors and play, And quick! to the car - riage! We'll
small chil - dren too, If wet, will grow fast - er As
drive far a - way, And quick! to the car - riage! We'll
May - flow - ers do, If wet will grow fast - er, As
drive far a - way.
May-flow-ers do.
cres.

Cradle Song

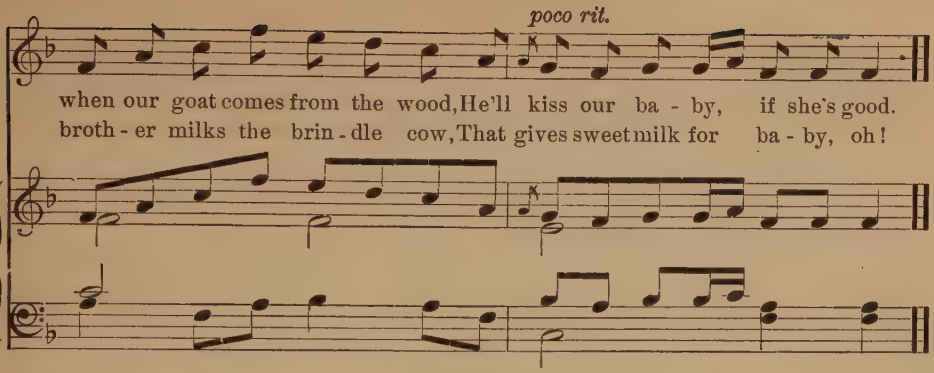
Translated from the Norwegian — Norwegian Folk Tune

Andante

1. By - oh ba - by dear - ie, Hush, for gran - ny's near thee,
2. By - oh ba - by dear - ie, Hush, for gran - ny's near thee,

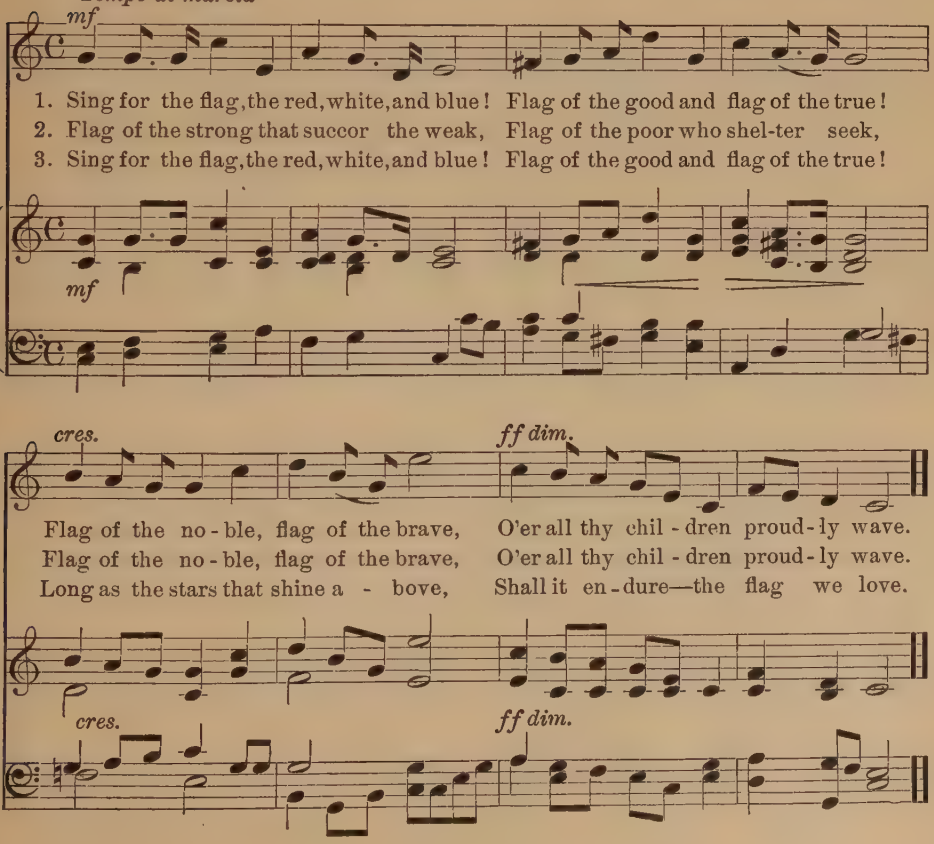
Moth - er bleach-es lin - en, Sis - ter's at her spin - ning,
Fa - ther grass is mow - ing, Moth - er's bus - y sew - ing,

Fa- ther binds the har-vest sheaves, Our goat eats ten - der birch leaves, And
Grand-pa - pa has sailed a - way To catch a fish for ba - by, And



Flag Song

JOHN MCINTYRE ELEANOR SMITH



Pussy in the Snow

Translated from the German

German Folksong

Moderato

1. Puss - y gray, She scampered far a - way, But back she came in such a plight, Thro' snow all cold, and soft, and white, O puss - y gray, O puss - y gray, in such a sor - ry plight.
2. Puss - y dear, You looked so ver - y queer, With four small snow- y boot - ies on; But Puss, you could not see the fun, O puss - y dear, O puss - y dear with snow- white boot - ies on.
3. Puss - y cat, Be - side the fire you sat, You shook your paws to make them dry, You licked a - way the boot - ies high, O puss - y cat, O puss - y cat, you purred when you were dry.

f *mf*

Dancing Song

Translated from the German

Swabian Folksong

Allegro

1. Dum, dum, dum di did - dle, Sil - ver flute, and harp, and fid - dle, Dum, dum,
2. Dum, dum, dum di did - dle, Put our Ros - y in the mid-dle, Dum dum,
3. Dum, dum, dum di did - dle, Sil - ver flute, and harp, and fid - dle, Dum dum,

FINE

dum di did - dle, Call us to the dance. Bes - sie, Nan, and Pol - ly,
dum di did - dle, Make a ring and dance. Round and round we're go - ing,
dum di did - dle, Call us to the dance.

FINE

D.C. al fine

Hear the mu-sic blithe and jol-ly, Bes-sie, Nan, and Pol-ly, Come and join our dance.
Till our cheeks are all a-glowing, Round and round we're going, In the mer-ry dance.

D.C. al fine

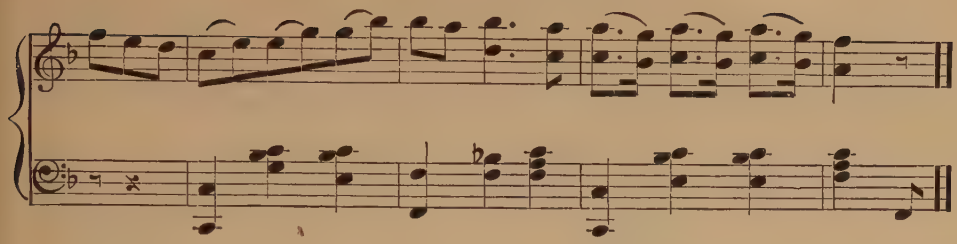
Little Ole with Gay Umbrella

Translated from the Danish
by Laura E. Poulsson

O. Jacobsen

Andante

1. Good lit - tle O - le with gay um - brel - la, Knows all the chil - dren in town, 'tis said. When comes the twi - light none can es - cape him, His mer - ry chas - ing sends all to bed.
2. Then soft - ly op'n - ing his gay um - brel - la (All bright with pic - tures and hung with bells), By drow - sy pil - lows, in co - sy pos - ture, What won-drous sto - ries in dreams he tells!
3. What does he tell of? Elf, gnome and gi - ant, Cave-dwell - ing gob - lins, sea mon-sters queer; Of stars and rain - bows, and shin - ing an - gels, From heav - en bring - ing good ti - dings here.
4. If lit - tle chil - dren, in work and play - time, Their lov - ing par - ents with joy o - bey, Then lit - tle O - le bright dreams be - stow - ing, Through night's long hours . . . will with them stay.



Evening Song

Translated from the German

SPITTA

Legato

1. Now comes the gen - tle even - ing. The laugh - ing day is
2. The flow'rs their pray'rs are say - ing With heads a - bend - ing
3. And all things pray to - geth - er For rest and qui - et

pp

gone; And to the still blue heav - en The stars come, one by one.
low; The bird-lings chant in cho - rus, Their ves - pers soft and slow.
peace; Ah! bless Thy world, dear Fa - ther, And bid its sor - row cease.

p

Christmas Song

Translated from the German

German Folksong

Andante

p

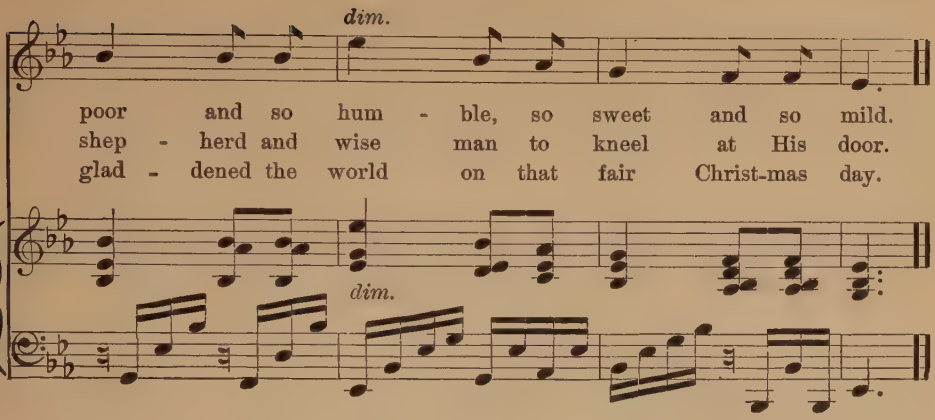
1. O come, lit - tle chil - dren! from cot and from hall. O
2. The hay is His pil - low, the man - ger His bed, The
3. Now "Glo - ry to God!" sing the an - gels on high, And

come to the man - ger in Beth - le - hem's stall There
beasts stand in won - der to gaze on His head. Yet
"Peace up - on earth!" heav'n-ly voi - ces re - ply. Then

cres.

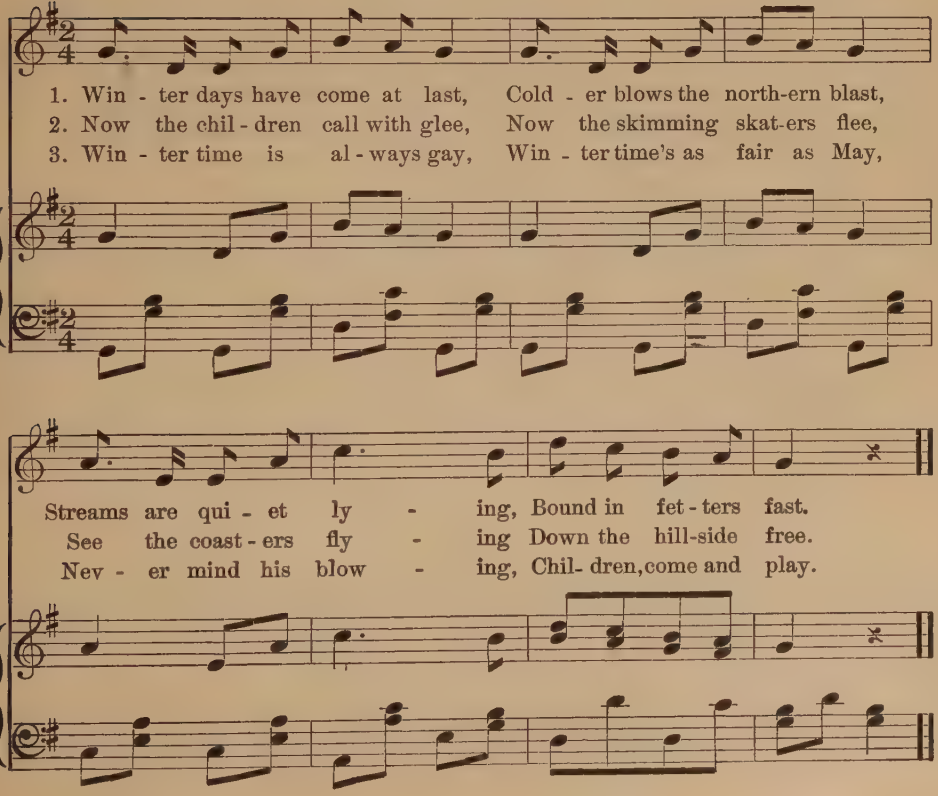
meek - ly He li - eth, the heav - en - ly Child, So
there where He li - eth, so weak and so poor, Come
come, lit - tle chil - dren, and join in the lay That

cres.



Winter Joy

A. C. Grell



The Pony

Translated from the German

WILHELM TAUBERT

Ben marcato

f *p* *f* *ff*

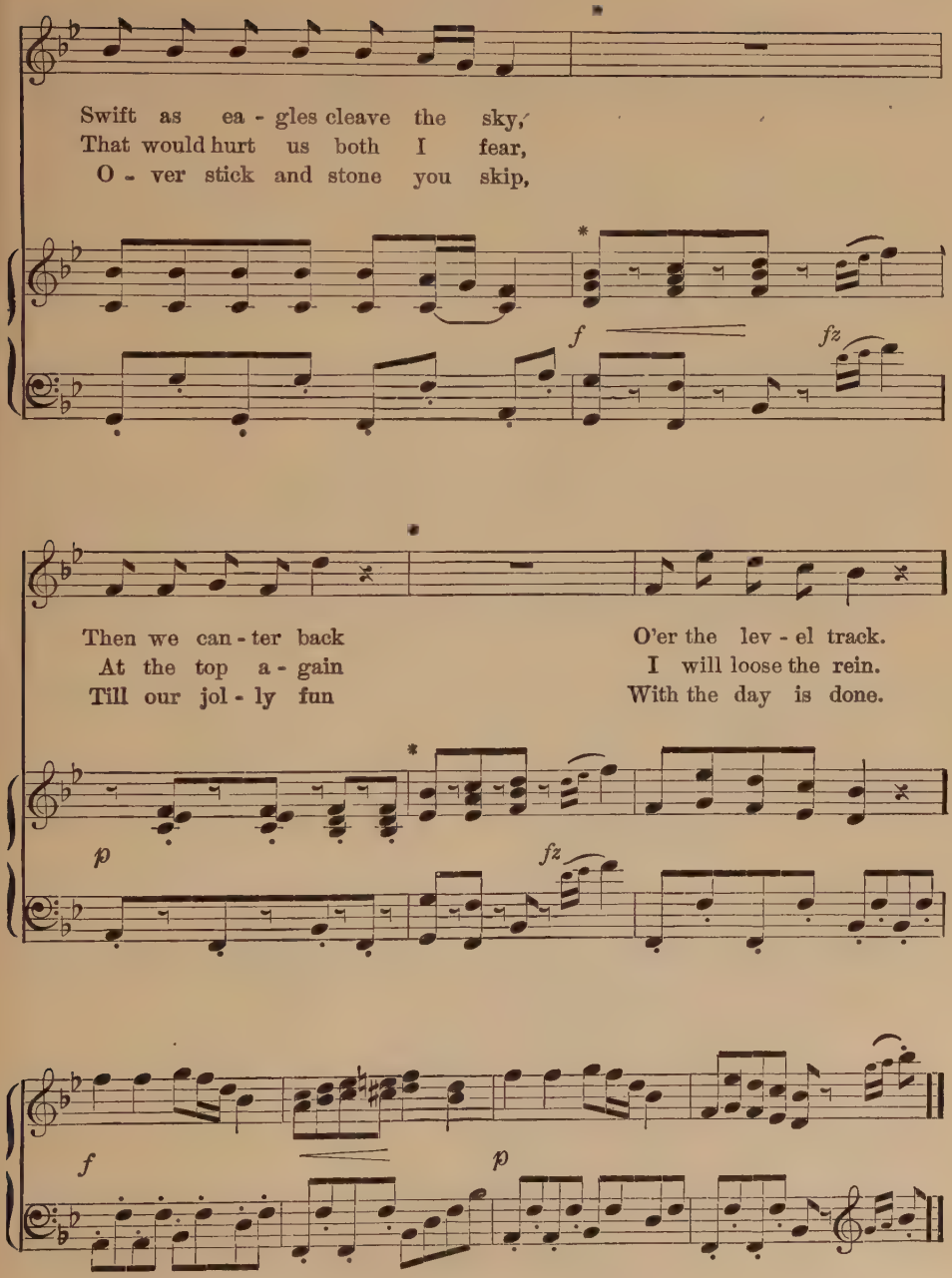
mf

1. Trot, trot, trot a - long, Trot, my po - ny strong, Trot, trot, trot a - long,
2. Slow - ly now we ride Up the moun-tain side, Slow-ly now we ride
3. You my voice will heed, Will-ing lit - tle steed, You my voice will heed,

p *p*

Trot, my po - ny strong, On your back with you I fly,
Up the moun-tain side. Do not stum-ble, po - ny dear,
Will-ing lit - tle steed. Nev - er need-ing spur or whip,

ff *p*



* Pauses may be omitted if the song is sung without accompaniment.

Kite Song

Translated from the German

Silician Folk-Song

1. Fly, kite, fly, To the smil - ing sum - mer sky, And
2. Look, kite, look, Like a pic - ture in a book, You'll
3. High, high, high, To the smil - ing sum - mer sky, The
4. Down, then, down, Straight the kite did gen - tly come, Like

look at all the world From your place so still and high; Tra la la,
see the hill and plain And each co - zy for - est-nook. Tra la la,
kite did quick-ly go, And he gazed where he did lie. Tra la la,
one who's seen the world, And who now would stay at home. Tra la la,

a poco crescendo

p

tra la la la la, And look at all the world From your place on high.
tra la la la la, You'll see the hill and plain, And each for - est nook.
tra la la la la, The kite did quick-ly go, And gazed where he did lie.
tra la la la la, Like one who's seen the world, And would stay at home.

sf

sf

Something for Baby

Old Nursery Rhyme

North German Folksong

Con moto

1. Rid - er on steed of bay, Whith-er do you ride to - day? I
2. Pray, shall I bring a toy? Is your ba - by girl or boy? No,

p

ride to Co - pen - ha - gen, To buy a fine new wag - on.
bring our Kit - ty pret - ty shoes, For these our dar - ling soon may use;

Bring my ba - by some-thing too— Some-thing pret - ty, bright and new.
Lit - tle shoes of red or blue; They will please our ba - by too.

The Dragon-fly

CARL REINECKE

Vivace

p

1. O beau - ti - ful, gold - en - green drag - on - fly, stay, In flut - ter- ing flur - ry, don't has - ten a - way, But light here and show me your gauz - y, bright wings, Your green vest and your queer sil-ver rings.

2. Now see, she a - lights on the bloom-ing, pink spray, Is in - sect or flow - er the love - li - er, say? But now off she flies, wav-ing wings sil- ver - gray, Come a - gain, pret- ty drag - on - fly, pray!

p

Going to Grandmother's

Emilie Poulsson

Eleanor Smith

Allegro

mf

1. Hur - rah ! hur-rah ! for here's the sleigh, That comes to take us all a-way, To
2. Jump in ! jump in ! a mer - ry load ! When all with-in the sleigh are stow'd, We
3. The sleigh-bells ring, we shout and cheer ; How white and still the fields ap-pear! Now
4. Yes! there it is, — the dear old place ! And there is Grand-pa's beaming face! Now

mf

p *cres - - - - cen - - do*

spend the glad Thanksgiv- ing Day At Grand-moth-er's house in the coun - try
speed a - long the snow - y road To Grand-moth-er's house in the coun - try.
sure - ly we are draw- ing near To Grand-moth-er's house in the coun - try.
whoa! and out we jump and race To Grand-moth-er's house in the coun - try.

p

Doll's Cradle-Song

CARL REINECKE

Andantino

Sleep, Dol - ly, sleep, Soft - ly re - pose, Sleep, Dol - ly sleep, Your

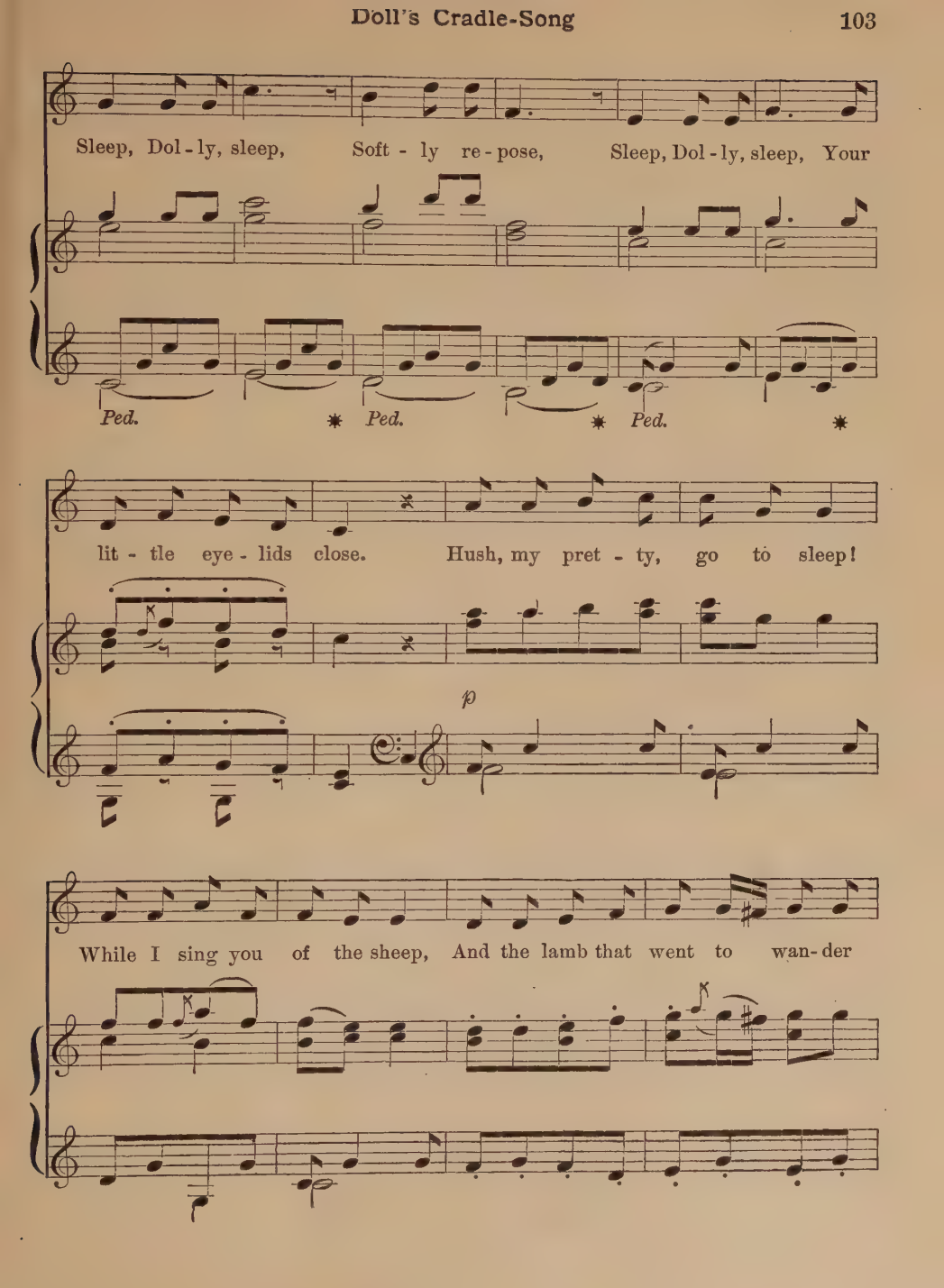
p

Ped. ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱

lit - tle eye-lids close. While in school I am sigh - ing, You in bed are

Ped. ✱ *Ped.* ✱

ly - ing; And have all the day, Time e - nough for play


Sleep, Dol - ly, sleep, Soft - ly re - pose, Sleep, Dol - ly, sleep, Your
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
lit - tle eye - lids close. Hush, my pret - ty, go to sleep!
p
While I sing you of the sheep, And the lamb that went to wan - der

With the goose and gid-dy, good-y gan-der. Sleep, my Dol-ly, sleep!

Christmas Song *

LYDIA AVERY COONLEY — FREDERIC W. ROOT

Moderato

1. Why do bells for
2. There a dar-ling

f *p*

Christ-mas ring? Why do lit-tle chil-dren sing?
ba-by lay, Pil-lowed soft up-on the hay,

* Permission of LYDIA A. COONLEY-WARD

Once a love - ly, shin - ing star Seen by shep-herds from a - far,
And His moth - er sang and smiled: "This is Christ the ho - ly child."

cres.

Gen - tly moved un - til its light Made a man - ger's
So the bells for Christ - mas ring, So the lit - tle

p *f*

cra - dle bright.
chil - dren sing.

p f *dim.* *rall.* *pp*

Ped. ✱ *Ped.* ✱

St. Nicholas

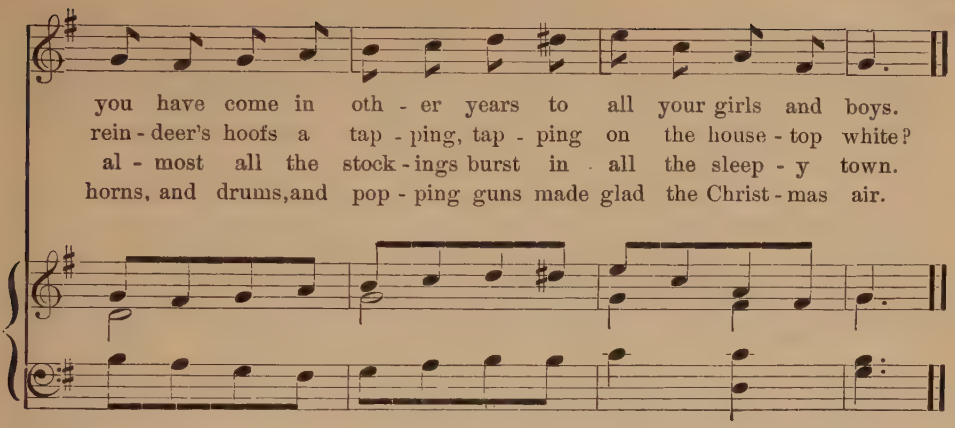
ELEANOR SMITH

ELEANOR SMITH

1. St. Nich - o - las, St. Nich - o - las, 'Tis time that you were here; St.
2. St. Nich - o - las, St. Nich - o - las, Each child a - sleep-ing lay; St.
3. St. Nich - o - las, St. Nich - o - las, How sly - ly down you crept! St.
4. And when the Christmas morn - ing came, Ah me! that was a sight. A

Nich - o - las, St. Nich - o - las, For Christmas eve is near. Then
Nich - o - las, St. Nich - o - las, When came your won - der - sleigh With
Nich - o - las, St. Nich - o - las, While all the peo - ple slept, You
hun - dred hun - dred chil - dren dear, All clad in gowns of white. They

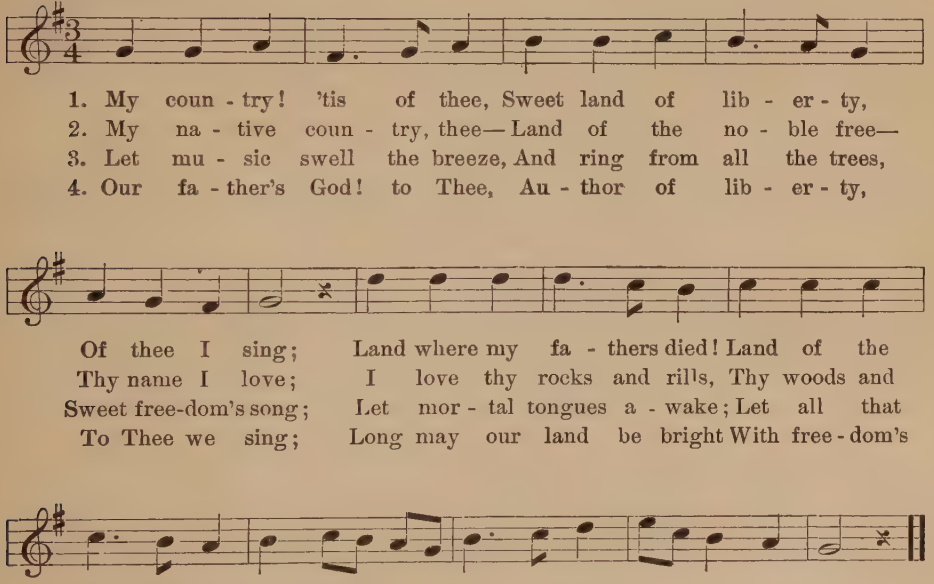
come! and bring us dolls, and books, and skates, and sleds, and toys, As
all the bells a - tin - kle, tin - kle, tin - kle through the night, And
stuffed with pres- ents great and small, our stock-ings black and brown, Till
pulled from out their stock-ings won-drous pres- ents rich and rare, And



My Country! 'Tis of Thee

AMERICA

S. F. Smith — Henry Carey



Barefoot Goslings

German

German Nursery Song

1. Su - sy, dear Su - sy, what stirs in the straw? The
2. Send for the cob - bler; "dear cob - bler," we say, "Please

mf

pret - ti - est gos-lings that ev - er you saw; But nev - er a gos - ling with
make for our gos-lings some slip-pers to-day." The cob - bler has leath - er, no

stock- ing or shoe; Now what shall our poor dear gos - lings do?
last he can use, So poor lit - tle gos-lings must go with-out shoes.

Sleepy Song

Translated from the German

German Folksong

Allegro

1. Peep, gray mous - ie, Stay in your own hous - ie; Clock, you click-clock, Soft-er make your tick - tock; Ev'r - y lit - tle sleep-ing; Puss - y's purr - ing, Not a child is stir - ring; Ev'r - y lit - tle bow-wow; Wheel a - turn - ing, Fire that's gently burn- ing; Do not wake my sleep-y - head Said his pray'rs and went to bed.

2. Morn comes peep - ing Where our ba - by's sleep-y - head Said his pray'rs and went to bed.

3. Rov - er dear, now Still your nois - y children three, See they're sleeping peaceful-ly.

pp

mf

dim.

pp pp

Come Pussy, Pussy Willow

MARIAN DOUGLASS — CAROLINE LARRABEE

Allegro

1. Come, Puss-y! Puss-y Wil-low! With-in your close, brown
2. Come, Puss-y! Puss-y Wil-low! A fair-y gift to

mp *pp*

wrap-per stir; Come out and show your sil-ver fur, Come,
chil-dren dear, The down-y first-ling of the year,—Come,

Puss-y! Puss-y Wil-low! Come, Puss-y! Puss-y Wil-low!

f

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